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The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly
Review of Literature,
& Art & Life

Vol.
XXXVI

January, 1900

No.
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Helena Modjeska

John Jay Chapman Lewis E. Gates

Clement K. Shorter Gelett Burgess

Clara Morris William Archer

Contribute to this Number

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New Rochelle

New York

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An excellent little book for young pianoforte students, entitled "Intervals, Chords and Ear Training," has just been published by the Oliver Ditson Company. The author, Jean Parkman Brown, finding in her own successful teaching how important it is that the cultivation of the ear should always accompany the training of the fingers, has here compiled for pupil and teacher a simple yet remarkably comprehensive set of examples and exercises in rudimentary harmony. William H. Sherwood, writing of the book, says, "It shows a clear and correct appreciation of the real inner sense of the subjects touched upon, and an admirable adaptability to the task. It cannot fail to be the right way to lead children and others to a correct understanding of the elements of tone and harmony without which they never can be on the right path."—*Boston Transcript*.

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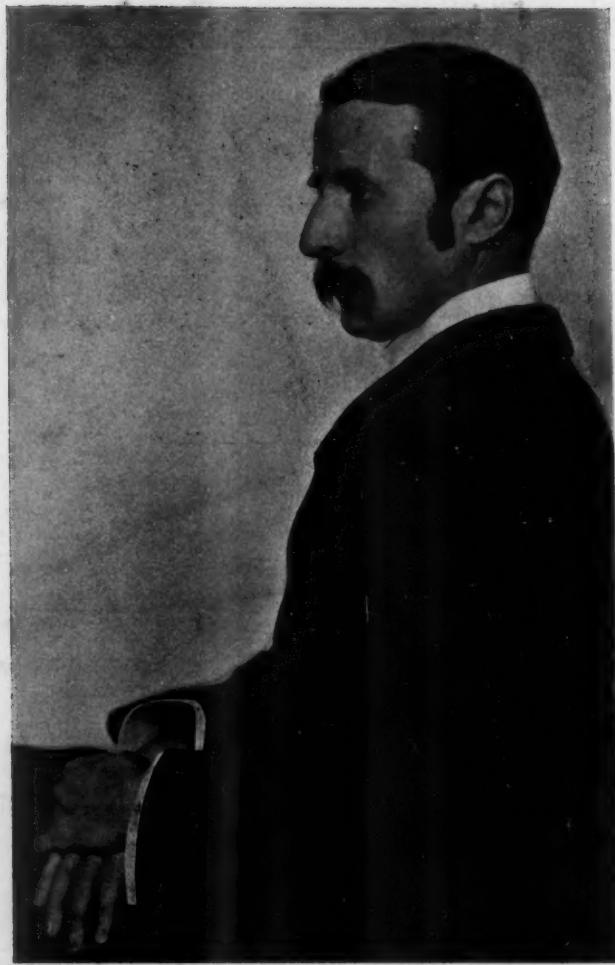
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
MUSIC PUBLISHERS

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON
CHAS. H. DITSON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
J. E. DITSON & COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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Printed at The Knickerbocker Press





Photo, for THE CRITIC

By Hollinger & Co.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER

The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature, Art and Life

Vol. XXXVI

JANUARY, 1900

No. 1

The Lounger

THE jubilee year of *Harper's Magazine* would be notable for the publication of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel in its pages, if for nothing more. The opening chapters of "Eleanor" appear in the January number. The scene of these is laid in Italy, just outside of Rome. Eleanor, from whom the story takes its name, is Mrs. Burgoyne, a widow in her thirties, who is cousin to Edward Manisty, the hero. An American girl, Lucy Foster, plays an important part in the tale. She is not at all the regulation American girl of the English novelist, but a shy, plainly dressed, though pretty, young thing, fresh from a New England farmhouse. She has read much and thought more. Eleanor sees her possibilities at once, but Manisty is sceptical. We know what happens to sceptics in such matters. Mrs. Ward has never been in America, but in these early chapters there is no suspicion of that fact. She seems to have the New England idea well in her mind.



In the same number of *Harper's Magazine* are two poems by the author of "David Harum," which were found after his death by his literary executors. One may be sure that they would never have seen the light of print during Mr. Westcott's lifetime.



Mr. Nelson Ritter, of Syracuse, sends me the following letter:

"In THE CRITIC for October an article on David Harum says that Harum (Hannum) married E. N. Westcott's aunt. This is a grave mistake that ought not to remain uncorrected. E. N. Westcott's father had seven brothers and five sisters. His mother had four brothers and three sisters. I personally know both families, know whom they all married, when and where they died. Only one of either family is now living. David Harum's wife was Louise Babcock, and I think that her father was brother to E. N. Westcott's grandfather. Not a very near relation, and surely not an aunt."

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MR. DAVID HANNUM
The alleged original of "David Harum"

As Mr. Forbes Heermans is the high court of appeal in regard to all matters concerning the author of "David Harum," I sent him Mr. Ritter's letter with a request for further enlightenment, and this is his reply:

"I did not at once reply to your letter of the 16th inst., because I wished first to talk with Mr. Westcott's sister, Mrs. A. K. Muzey, and thus correct or verify my own recollections of the family history.

"I find these to be the facts: David Hannum's second wife was Louise Babcock, who was an own cousin of Edward Noyes Westcott's mother. Mrs. Hannum died about fifteen years ago, and during her life Edward Westcott undoubtedly spent some time at her home in Homer, N. Y., as did she in the Westcott household in Syracuse.

"Dr. Amos Westcott (Edward's father) was also jointly interested with Hannum in several business ventures, among others being the Cardiff Giant. It is a mistake, however, to say that Hannum originated this fraud. It was conceived and executed by a man named Hull, and Hannum and Dr. Westcott purchased the image for a very large sum of money, in perfect good faith as to its genuineness; and eventually lost all they had invested, about \$40,000.

"Mrs. Muzey is unable to say positively if the statements concerning her father's family, as made by Nelson Ritter (whose letter I now return to you), are correct, but she thinks they are.

" Let me add that in spite of the many points of resemblance between the real David Hannum and the fictitious David Harum, Mr. Westcott always strenuously and even indignantly denied that he had drawn a portrait from life. When urged to change the name of his imaginary character, lest his readers should identify Harum with Hannum, the author declined to do so, saying that whatever resemblance there was between the two was entirely accidental, and certainly not enough to be noticed. With the exception of these points, I think the paragraph in the October CRITIC is accurate."

At the same time who can look upon the portrait of David Hannum here given and not believe that he is David Harum ?



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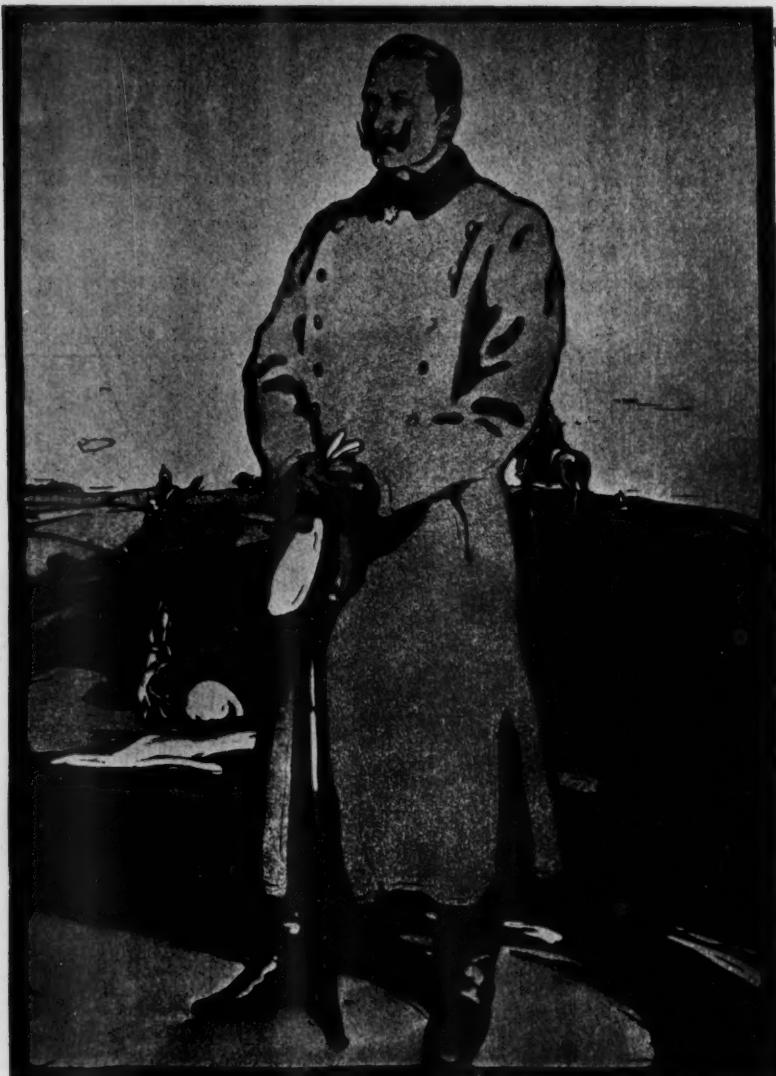
MISS HARRIET FORD AND MRS. DE MILLE

Aime Dupont

Miss Harriet Ford and Mrs. De Mille call themselves joint authors of the play "The Greatest Thing in the World," in which Mrs. W. J. Le Moyne is to "star," though it was virtually written by Miss Ford. Mrs. De Mille inspired it, I am told, and the two ladies, who are associated in educational work, worked over it together. Miss Ford has been a contributor to the magazines for some time past, and she has also tried her hand at acting. To know the stage as an actor is a great help to a playwright. See what it has done for Mr. Pinero, not to mention Mr. Shakespeare!

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Notwithstanding all rumors to the contrary, it may be denied, on the highest authority, that "Hugh Wynne" has been dramatized—or at least that any existing dramatic version of the novel is to appear upon the stage. Dr. Mitchell's sanction has not been given to any play founded upon his story.



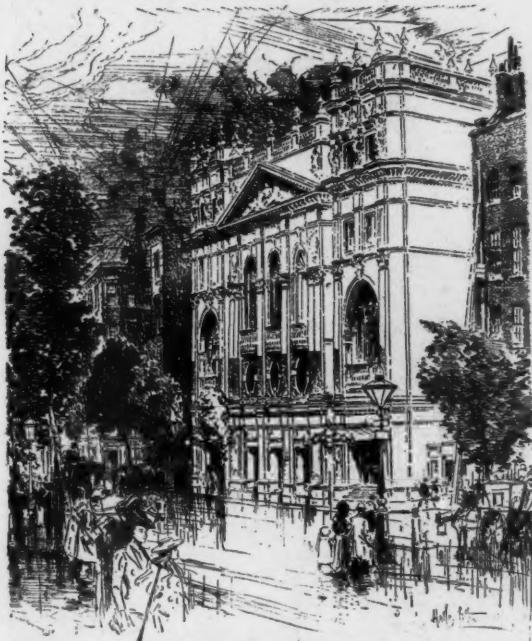
Supplement to

Black and White

THE KAISER
(Drawn by William Nicholson)

Mr. Nicholson's latest contribution to the gaiety of nations is this portrait of the German Emperor. It is not as remarkable as his portrait of that young ruler's grandmother, H. M. the Queen, but it is thoroughly Nicholsonian—which means that it is worth preserving as art, as well as portraiture.

In speaking of the fact that Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's grave in Samoa is now in German territory, Mark Twain is quoted as having said to a London interviewer: " Stevenson belonged to mankind, and in that sense a man can lie anywhere; but should you wish it otherwise, why, you must send a man-of-war to Samoa and bring his remains home." This, Mr. Clemens added, was done in the case of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," who died in Tunis while serving there as American Consul.



From the London Daily Chronicle

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

In his first article on "The American Stage," contributed to the *Pall Mall Magazine*, Mr. William Archer said that it is hard to tell the theatres in this country, particularly in New York, from any other building on the street, as few, if any, are devoted wholly to theatrical purposes; shops of all sorts and descriptions are in American theatre buildings. Every London theatre that I can recall is a free and independent factor in the landscape. The newest London theatre, Wyndham's, is one of the prettiest, and an object-lesson to our theatre builders. Mr. Wyndham announced that the proceeds of the opening night would be given for the benefit of the soldiers in South Africa; the consequence was that \$20,000 was taken in at the box office for this one performance.



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"ON MY SOUL AND CONSCIENCE!"

(Maitre Labori defending M. Zola. Sketched from life by Paul Renouard)

M. Paul Renouard has made a series of dry points showing Maitre Labori as he appeared when defending Zola at the Palais de Justice, Paris. Only a few sets of these remarkably forcible drawings were printed, two of which were imported by Messrs. Frederick Keppel & Co. M. Renouard is one of the cleverest of the clever French artists in black-and-white. His work is well known outside of France, as it appears regularly in the pages of the London *Graphic*.

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Miss Nora Vynne, whose latest novel, "The Priest's Marriage," Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons are bringing out this month, is a young English author whose earlier works, published in London, have already attracted some attention. Miss Vynne's books include "The Blind Artist's Pictures," — a volume of short stories, — "A Comedy of

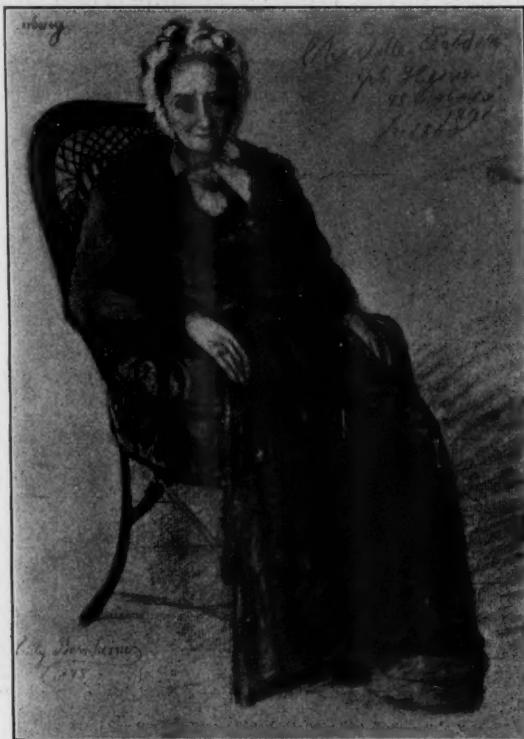
Honor," "Honey of Aloes," "A Man and his Womankind," "The Story of a Fool and his Folly," etc. "The Priest's Marriage" tells the story of a Catholic priest who loves and marries a gentle English girl and whose subsequent life is a battle between his love and his religious convictions. The book presents an interesting group of minor characters, who talk cleverly and contrive to utter some charming if slightly cynical views on various subjects of moment. Besides



MISS NORA VYNNE

her book-work, Miss Vynne is a regular contributor to the *Pall Mall Magazine*, *Sketch*, *Black and White*, and other conspicuous London periodicals. She is a prominent member of the Writers' Club, an institution where many Americans have been made welcome when in London. The portrait of Miss Vynne which appears in this issue of *THE CRITIC* is a reproduction of a painting by a well-known London artist, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy two years ago.

Heinrich Heine's only sister, Frau Charlotte Heine-Embden, whose portrait is here given, died recently in Hamburg four or five days before her one-hundredth birthday, which she intended to celebrate with some pomp on the 18th of October. She was the playmate and companion of the German poet, and it was she who nursed him in his



From Reclam's Universum

Leipzig

FRAU HEINE-EMBDEN

last illness. Charlotte is often mentioned in Heine's "Buche der Leider," and the familiar lines,

"Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder,
Zwei Kinder klein und froh;
Wir krochen ins Hühnerhäuschen,
Versteckten uns unter das Stroh,"

refer to their early friendship. Frau Embden has been of late years an object of pilgrimage in Germany. On one occasion a Hungarian magnate burst into her drawing-room with the question, "Where is this Heine Museum?" She answered at once, "I am the Heine Museum!" Among her visitors and friends was the late Empress of Austria.



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MR. I. J. PADEREWSKI*

Mr. W. H. Rideing permits me to quote the following interesting anecdote from a letter to him written by Lord Dufferin:

"Lady Dufferin and I were paying him [Tennyson] a visit, accompanied by my eldest daughter, who was then a slip of a girl of about fifteen. Tennyson read us a poem he had just written. I think it was 'Tithonus.' When it was finished, my daughter in her girlish enthusiasm cried out, 'Oh! how awfully pretty!' upon which Tennyson, putting his hand on her shoulder, said, 'My dear child, don't use that dreadful word!' In a voice of deep compunction she exclaimed, 'Oh! I'm awfully sorry,' to the immense amusement of the whole company.

"I myself, however, am inclined to consider this slang expression as highly classical, and corresponding to the Greek 'Seivós,' which was used indiscriminately as an epithet appropriate to a beautiful woman, a consummate artist, or as aggravating the sense of danger or suffering."

* See page 87.

Mr. Clement Scott's "The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day" is just published in two imposing volumes by the Macmillan Co. The frontispiece of each volume is a portrait of Mr. Scott, who dedicates his book to the "dramatic artists of every clime and country" who are "by right and honor incorporated" in it, and to his "faithful wife, herself an artist," who encouraged him in his task. In attempting to blend the outlines of the history of the stage for the last fifty years with



Photo. by

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT

Sarony

personal reminiscences, Mr. Scott has endeavored to avoid "acrimonious controversy," which is an excellent thing to avoid. I have only had a hurried run through the advance sheets of Mr. Scott's book, but I have seen enough to know that to one who, like myself, has known the stage for a quarter of a century, a leisurely reading of the book will be most interesting, for it will renew my acquaintance with many old favorites—Charles Fechter, for one, an actor who in certain parts I have never seen equalled, and that remarkable, if notorious, woman, Ada Isaacs Menken, for another. Mr. Scott not only gives his reminiscences of actors and actresses, but he publishes a number of letters that are most characteristic of their writers, including one from Lady Bancroft, who salutes him as "Dear Scotty."

A small but interesting exhibition of paintings, lithographs, etchings, monotypes, and drawings in black-and-white and in color, by Mr. Ernest Haskell, has lately been made at the Gallery of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. Many were sketches, color notes, and caricatures. Much more serious were several portraits, in especial one of a lady with a red rose, in two crayons; one of an old man in black-and-white; portrait of Miss Maude Adams, and one of Mrs. Fiske as



Ernest Haskell

MONOTYPE ON STONE

Becky Sharp. Among the landscapes, an autumn scene and one with women and children feeding swans were particularly attractive. The exhibition as a whole demonstrates the artist's versatility and cleverness, and certain of the pictures promise a career beyond that of the illustrator.



The Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., has written a new introduction to his "Impressions of South Africa," which is published by the Century Company. Mr. Bryce calls the reader's attention to a few things that have happened since 1895, and describes the forces that have worked during these years with such effect. He makes a particular point of the Jameson raid and its effect on the present war.

There seems to be money for the authors even in the six-penny editions of novels which are being published in London. The six-penny edition of "Lady Audley's Secret" is said to have brought Miss Braddon \$2000 in advance royalties. A well-known London publisher has offered Mr. Hall Caine a royalty of a penny halfpenny on six-penny editions of four of his books. This is better than the cheap editions of their books pay American authors. On an edition of 100,000 copies bound in paper to retail for fifty cents a copy the author makes \$5000. American royalties are evidently less than those in England.



THE CHILDREN OF PAUL BASHKIRTSEFF

(Photographed by Mr. W. H. Bishop)

Paul Bashkirtseff has just died in Russia, succumbing finally to the lung trouble which declared itself when he was still a young man. He was the only surviving child of Madame Bashkirtseff. With his own children, he was often at Nice, where his mother has lived for the last thirty years. He made a romantic marriage in Russia, and lived there, on or near the family property of "Gavronzi," near Paltava. Among his children is another Marie Bashkirtseff, a girl now of about twelve years of age. This Paul was the brother for whom the famous Marie Bashkirtseff expressed sometimes, in her journal and elsewhere, the interest and ambitions of a little mother, though the two were very nearly of an age. She wanted to bring him up as he should go, and aspired to make an important person of him. But what a fortuneteller told them in childhood all came true: "The boy will be like everybody else, but the girl will be a radiant star."

Mr. Clement Shorter is in journalistic harness again. During the third week of this month he will have "The Great New Weekly Illustrated Newspaper" on the market. Already this unborn weekly has four artists at the Transvaal war. While the war is, of course, the absorbing subject in England, Mr. Shorter is too much of a literary man to give all his space to South Africa. The periodical will contain interesting literary and artistic matter, including the Literary Letter by C. K. S., which was so attractive a feature of the *Illustrated London News* when Mr. Shorter was the editor of that weekly.



SKETCH BY MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF

(Paul Bashkirtseff is the figure at the left, back)

We are to have a new book of anecdotes and reminiscences of Lewis Carroll. The author is Miss Isa Bowman, a well-known London actress, and the book will be published immediately by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. Miss Bowman was the adopted niece of Mr. Dodgson, and is said to have been the first "Alice in Wonderland." The accepted and final "Alice" was Alice Liddell, daughter of the Dean. There are many examples of Lewis Carroll's delightful letters given in this small volume, which contains, besides these letters, a diary he kept for Miss Bowman during her stay at Oxford, together with her reminiscences of him. I am permitted to quote from two of the most characteristic of these letters:

" 7 LUSHINGTON ROAD, EASTBOURNE, September 17, 1893.

" Oh, you naughty, naughty little culprit! If only I could fly to Fulham with a handy little stick (ten feet long and four inches thick is my favourite size) how I would rap your wicked little knuckles. However, there is n't much harm done, so I will sentence you to a very mild punishment — only one year's imprisonment. If you 'll just tell the Fulham policeman about it, he 'll manage all the rest for you, and he 'll fit you with a nice pair of handcuffs, and lock you up in a nice cosy

dark cell, and feed you on nice dry bread and delicious cold water. . . ."

And again:

" It 's all very well for you and Nellie and Emsie to unite in millions of hugs and kisses, but please consider the *time* it would occupy your poor old very busy uncle. Try hugging and kissing Emsie for a minute by the watch, and I don't think you 'll manage it more than twelve hours a day."



Miss Bowman describes Lewis Carroll's rooms at Christ Church, Oxford:

" And those rooms of his! I do not think there was ever such a fairy-land for children. I am sure they must have contained one of the finest collections of musical-boxes to be found anywhere in the world. There were big black ebony boxes with glass tops, through which you could see all the works. There was a big box with a handle, which it was quite hard exercise for a little girl to turn, and there must have been twenty or thirty little ones which could only play one tune. Sometimes one of the musical boxes would not play properly, and then I always got tremendously excited. Uncle used to go to a drawer in the table and produce a box of little screw-drivers and punches, and while I sat on his knee he would unscrew the lid and take out the wheels to see what was the matter. He must have been a clever mechanist, for the result was always the same—after a longer or shorter period the music began again. Sometimes when the musical-boxes had played all their tunes he used to put them in the box backwards, and was as pleased as I at the comic effect of the music ' standing on its head,' as he phrased it."



Messrs. Lippincott have the sympathy of the trade and readers of books all over the country in the recent destruction by fire of their entire premises in Philadelphia. They will, however, rise Phoenix-like from their ashes. Barely had the fire bells done ringing before they had opened offices at 624 Chestnut Street, and they have already arranged for the construction of a thoroughly modern fireproof building on the old site. Fortunately the most important plates held by the Lippincotts, including those of Dr. Furness's *Variorum Edition of Shakespeare*, have been saved, also the manuscripts belonging to *Lippincott's Magazine*, the offices of which were in another part of the city.



Mr. Sargent is so pleased with his portrait of Miss M. Carey Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr College, that he has asked permission to exhibit it at the Paris Exposition. When this painting was presented to the college—it was the gift of the alumnae and undergraduates—Warden Louise Sheffield Brownell, of Sage College, delivered an address in which she said many things that might have been set down as flattery had they been spoken of any one other than Miss Thomas. No language seems too strong to express what those who know her best believe to have been accomplished by President M. Carey Thomas at Bryn Mawr College.

The steady extension of the operation of our international copyright law is a matter for notice and congratulation. The latest country with which we have come into copyright relations is Costa Rica, the President's proclamation having been issued on the 19th of October; and it is said, at this writing, that a similar proclamation, embracing the Netherlands, is impending; and it will probably be issued before this number of *THE CRITIC* appears. This last inclusion is probably the first fruits of the renewed activity of the State Department, which took advantage of the friendly attitude of the nations of the world, as expressed in the Peace Conference at The Hague, to instruct our representatives in such countries as had not accepted our overtures of 1891 to urge the matter upon the governments to which they are accredited. These dilatory nations are Russia (where probably the question of censorship is complicated with that of international copyright), Austria, the Balkan countries, Greece, and Turkey. The middle and western nations of Europe are now in working relations with us on this subject. It is expected that eventually Austria will come in, since of late a copyright convention has been instituted between Austria and Germany, the previous absence of which had given rise to a lot of piratical publishers, who were the principal obstacle to Austria's agreement with us. As to Greece, no progress seems to have been made, though the Greek Premier, Tricoupis, while in office, promised to bring about an agreement. Now that we have a literary man as Minister at Athens, Mr. Arthur S. Hardy, doubtless a new effort will be made. In the western hemisphere Mexico and Chile have also accepted the law of 1891. The Netherlands came into copyright relations with the United States in November last.

Mr. Stockton is the latest living author to go into a complete edition. Messrs. Scribner have begun what they call the Shenandoah Edition with "The Late Mrs. Null," "The Squirrel Inn," and "The Merry Chanter," the two latter in one volume. It will be complete in eighteen handsome volumes, and sold only by subscription. Mr. James Lane Allen is soon to be published in complete form by the Macmillan Co. Some of the best things that Mr. Allen ever wrote, by the way, were the literary essays published years ago in the columns of *THE CRITIC*.

One of the most interesting items in Messrs. Scribner's catalogue of "Choice Books" is two volumes in one of the first editions of Wordsworth's "Descriptive Sketches" and "An Evening Walk." This copy was Wordsworth's own, and is full of notes, emendations, additional stanzas, etc., in his handwriting. This valuable addition to Wordsworthiana seems to have escaped the eye of his editors. No wonder that the present owners value the volume at \$650. What an interesting magazine article could be made from it! Here is a hint to Mr. Burlingame or Mr. Moody.

If the first essay in Dr. Henry van Dyke's new book were not so good, and if several of those that follow it were not equally so, I should say that the last of the eleven was the best. The first, which gives its title to the collection, is on "Fisherman's Luck." As an old and ardent angler, the author knows just what that is, in all its varieties; and as an accomplished essayist, he knows just what to say about it. The little paper is a model of its kind. The last essay is on "The Open Fire"—the camp-fire, the cooking-fire, and the smudge-fire—to say nothing of "the little friendship-fire," which kindles and burns at the luncheon hour "for no other purpose than to give you the sense of being at home and at ease." But it really matters very little what Dr. van Dyke writes about: it is n't the subject that one reads him for: it is the style, and the style is of the man himself—buoyant, vigorous, sentimental in a manly sort of way, humorous often, and always bookish, but never too bookish. Even when he writes of fishing, the fly of his fancy is cast into other pools than those of the Patapsco, the Swiftwater, the "Unpronounceable River" in Canada, or "A Lazy, Idle Brook" on Long Island. He is a fisher of men, as well as a seeker after trout and salmon, and while there is nothing of the preacher in these pages, their tone is moral and uplifting. There is a freshness about them that smacks of mountain streams and woodland coverts—a breeziness due in reality less to the theme than to the mind of the writer, whose alertness is constitutional and therefore unfailing, no matter of what he discourses. Another quality than this—a quality more sympathetic—manifests itself in the true and cordial reference to the late Dr. Howard Crosby, and the no less true and heartfelt allusion to a contemporary of his, whose evil name is omitted and does not need to be named. A pleasing reminder of the versatility of Dr. van Dyke's literary gift is "A Slumber Song" at the close of his book—a book well worthy to stand by the side of "Little Rivers."

22

At last accounts Mr. Kipling's "The Absent-Minded Beggar" had made nearly \$100,000 for the British soldiers' relief fund. Talk about the endless chain; that once successful means of raising money has been put to the blush by Mr. Kipling. The first \$1250 was paid for the poem by the *Daily Mail* and the money at once applied to the fund by the poet. Then every paper that copied it paid \$25 to the same fund, while Mrs. Tree has earned \$500 a week and more for the cause by reciting the lines at a London music-hall.

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The price paid for Mr. Kipling's "School-Boy Lyrics" at Messrs. Sotheby's recent sale showed a falling off in the value of that rare book. In April last a copy of this pamphlet sold in London for \$675. Three copies were sold in November by Messrs. Sotheby, and fetched \$145, \$205, and \$230; good prices enough, but small by comparison. I wonder what the man who paid \$675 for his copy thinks about it.

What promises to be a work of great value and interest, though rather costly for the average pocket, is "A Glimpse at Guatemala and Some Notes on the Ancient Monuments of Central America," by Anne Cary Maudslay and Alfred Percival Maudslay. The archæological results of Mr. Maudslay's seven expeditions to Central America are in course of publication in the "Biologia Centrali Americana," and eight parts containing about two hundred plates have already issued from the press. In the present volume the authors have had the advantage of selecting from the great mass of material collected for publication in the Biologia and of making use of many plans of the ruined cities made from the original surveys. The story of the most recent of the expeditions is told by Mrs. Maudslay, who gives her impressions of the city of Guatemala and an account of the journey on muleback across the country from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The route lay first through the magnificent scenery of the great volcanic range of the Pacific coast, then across the high central plateau with its brilliant June-like climate and picturesque population of Indians and Mestizos, and finally through the tropical forests of the Atlantic seaboard, where the party camped for six weeks. In the second part of the book Mr. Maudslay describes his earlier journeys of exploration.



Mr. Ernest H. Crosby is reported to have given up the practice of that belligerent profession, the law, to devote himself to the spreading of Count Tôlstoy's theories of "non-resistance." "I am absolutely opposed," he is quoted as saying, "to all force and coercion, and, do what I will, I am forced to say that the very essence of administering laws is based on violence." Well, and what is the objection to violence in a good cause? Mr. Crosby's father was one of the best citizens that New York ever had, and he was a born fighter, though a doctor of divinity. He only stopped fighting when death laid its hand upon his shoulder. He fought for decency and order and for the well-being of his fellow-citizens. If any poor man or woman wanted justice, Dr. Howard Crosby was always ready with voice or money to see that he or she got it. It is a good thing for the people of this city that he did not believe in non-resistance. He was the champion of the down-trodden, and that he was a fighter the liquor-dealers of his day knew to their sorrow. Non-resistance was the last theory that he would have endorsed.



The London *Academy* makes the sad discovery that the much heralded, newly discovered stories by Alexandre Dumas *père* are not new at all, but are in the edition of his complete works issued by Michel Lévy. They are, however, published under different names. "The Snow on Shah-Dagh" is called "La Boule de Neige," "Am-malat Bey" is called "Sultanetta." The *Academy* wonders how M. Calmann-Lévy, the present head of the house, could have been so deceived, for he is quoted as endorsing the "discovery."

It is with something of a pang that I read the circular sent me by a real-estate agent, setting forth the attractions of "The Holt," the residence of Mr. Frank R. Stockton, near Morristown, N. J., which is now offered for sale. It is a most attractive description, and is another proof that literature is a paying profession to those whom it pays. Mr. Stockton's house contains twenty bedrooms, "besides two garrets, pantries, two bathrooms, and a number of large closets." There is, also, a neat cottage of six rooms on the place, which would seem to be more in keeping with the needs of most authors than the "residence" itself. Then there is a barn with accommodations for five horses and six carriages, not to mention "a poultry house and yard, wagon sheds, cow-house, and large woodshed; also, an icehouse, filled." Not the least interesting part of this description is that devoted to the garden, which "is a very fine one, slopes to the south; and, besides many grass-bordered beds for vegetables, contains a variety of small fruits—strawberries, raspberries, currants, grapes, blackberries, and a few young peach trees. Back of the garden is a small orchard of about a dozen apple trees. The garden, orchard, barn, and cottage are separated from the house and grounds by a high and handsome evergreen hedge." A notable fact in connection with The Holt is ignored in this circular; that is, that it was once the home of the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, and was, if I mistake not, built by a member of his family.

We are inclined to think that novels have a larger sale than any other class of literature. This is a great mistake. Religion sells to a much greater extent. No novel ever written has reached the sale of "The Imitation of Christ," or in later days of Dr. Sheldon's "In His Steps." It is said that of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons one hundred million copies have been sold. Quite double that number have been circulated in newspapers and other ways. A writer in the London *Puritan* says: "It may seem incredible, but I believe it is quite true, that the number of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons sold since 1855 exceeds the number of Bibles circulated since the beginning of the century." When it is borne in mind that the British Foreign Bible Society prints five tons of Bibles every day, it will be understood what this means. Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster publish nothing else. They sell twenty thousand copies of Mr. Spurgeon's books and sermons every week. Over half a million volumes of these have been sold in the United States.

A copyright performance of "Philip Strong; or, In His Steps," a play founded on the Rev. Dr. C. M. Sheldon's famous book, has just been given in London. The daring dramatist's name is not mentioned.

The Lowell Memorial Library of Romance Language has been turned over to Harvard University, the subscriptions for its purchase having been all paid in.



et

Miss Ellen Terry
1890

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Among those young artists who have been influenced by the work of Mr. William Nicholson there is no one more successful than Mr. Gordon Craig, the son of Miss Ellen Terry. The portraits of Miss Terry and Sir Henry Irving, in these pages, are from a volume of sketches by Mr. Craig devoted to those actors, and published by



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Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co. They are to my mind exceptionally clever. The other portraits in the book are less of sketches than these, but they are not more characteristic of the originals. Though Miss Terry is depicted in the fewest lines, there she is and no gainsaying.

Miss Lilian Whiting, who is the literary executor of the late Miss Kate Field, writes to the *New York Herald* that she has had frequent communications with her friend since her death, through the medium of the famous Mrs. Piper. Nearly everything that Miss Whiting does in connection with Miss Field's affairs is by the latter's instruction direct from the other world. This naturally relieves Miss Whiting of much responsibility, and it would be a great boon to all literary executors, could they be similarly instructed.

The Poetic Drama

BY WILLIAM ARCHER

MRS. CRAIGIE's tragedy of "Osbern and Ursyne" (Lane), following close upon Mr. Swinburne's "Rosamund," forces upon us once again the ever-recurring problem: Is it impossible to vitalize the traditional form of English poetic drama? Here we have, on the one hand, a distinguished poet, and on the other hand a woman of unquestionable talent and faculty, who has given proof of her dramatic instinct in a justly successful stage-play, both devoting great thought and labor to ambitious efforts in the form consecrated by the dramatists of the seventeenth century, and both producing works which, despite many beauties of detail, cannot be said to touch our emotions, to thrill us with pity or terror—in a word, to draw the breath of tragic life. Why should this be so? It is not only insufficient but mistaken to answer, "Because these plays happen to be failures." They are not failures. Relatively to the mass of modern poetic drama, they are notable successes. In "Osbern and Ursyne," the play specially under consideration, the theme is dramatic, the handling imaginative and powerful. It is not, like the great majority of "poetical" dramas, a mere labored foolishness and futility. Its one fundamental defect is simply that it does not live; and this defect it shares, broadly speaking, with all the blank-verse plays of the century. Let us glance them through, and see if we can find any real exceptions to the rule.

At the beginning of the century there was still a certain demand for tragedy upon the stage; but who remembers one single play of all those in which the Clan Kemble, Cooke, Kean, and Young used to shake the chandeliers of the patent theatres? A little later, the plays of Sheridan Knowles and Bulwer-Lytton attained great vogue upon the stage. They are not even yet entirely forgotten by players and playgoers of the old school; but they belong to the theatre, not to literature. It is marvellous that even the mingled glamour of friendship and of the stage could induce such a critic as Lamb to praise such intolerable fustian as the blank verse of Sheridan Knowles. In later years we find in W. G. Wills a somewhat chastened Knowles. His "Charles I.," were it not defaced by a silly libel on Cromwell, would be as near an approach to a living blank-verse play as we have seen in our time. As it is, it can scarcely be regarded as an exception to the rule that no poetical play written primarily for the stage can claim even the most modest place in the literature of the century.

Of plays not primarily written for the stage, a long and spectral array passes before the memory. Many are spoken of with high esteem, but how many are read with genuine and vivid pleasure? "The Cenci" has admirable qualities, but does it live? We read it because it is Shelley's, and everything that he wrote has a psychological interest for us. But if he had written nothing else, should we ever have heard of it? And do we return to it again and again with ever-increasing

admiration, as we do to "Macbeth" and "Lear?" Only the fanatical Browningite will pretend that Browning's plays have the full-blooded vitality of his "Men and Women" or "Dramatis Personæ"; and I have never encountered a Swinburnian so rabid as to rank "Bothwell" and "Mary Stuart" beside "Poems and Ballads" and "Songs before Sunrise." I do not share the contempt so frequently expressed for Tennyson's dramatic experiments. "Queen Mary" narrowly escaped being a very fine play, and even in "Harold" and "Becket" there are noble passages. But, once again, whatever their qualities or defects, the plays are not really alive. Life, in the sense in which I here use the word, is a quality which escapes critical analysis. One may almost say, as the nobleman said of the Garter, "There's no blank nonsense about merit" in the matter. "The Idylls of the King," for instance, is an extremely faulty work, which has been demolished by criticism over and over again. But it lives none the less; it has that indefinable gift of vitality which the plays never possessed. Sir Henry Taylor's "Philip van Artevelde" is a noble dramatic romance, which has fallen into undeserved neglect; but a play it is not. The meritorious tragedies of "Michael Field" have been highly and justly praised—but do they live? Mr. Robert Bridges' plays, Mr. John Davidson's plays, possess all sorts of remarkable qualities, except the glow, the pulse of life. Is it too much to say that, barring some tawdry pieces of theatrical claptrap, the whole blank-verse drama of the nineteenth century is still-born, abortive?

Many people will denounce this as a gross exaggeration; but it will probably be found that each objector claims only *one* exception to the rule, in favor of some one pet poet. Some, perhaps, will maintain that we have had two "live" dramatists—Shelley and Browning. Well, for the purposes of this argument, we can afford to admit one, or even two, exceptions to the rule. The indubitable fact remains, that while effort in the direction of poetical drama has been frequent and strenuous, success has been, to say the least of it, exceedingly rare. It cannot be supposed that of the host of greater and lesser poets who have attempted the form, all (with two doubtful exceptions) have been totally deficient in dramatic power. The very case before us proves the contrary, for Mrs. Craigie has, in another form, shown unquestionable talent as a dramatist. Are we not, then, driven to the conclusion that there must be some inherent disadvantage in the form itself, which baffles and brings to naught all the genius lavished upon it?

That is my belief; and though I also firmly believe that beautiful and vital dramatic work may still be done in blank verse, I think we must first arrive at a new understanding of the capabilities and limitations of the form.

Let us look at "Osbern and Ursyne." The time is 1098, the place a Norman castle in England. Here lives Count Geoffrey with his daughter Ursyne and his niece Arlette, a great heiress. Arlette was betrothed to Hugh, Earl of Carliol, who is supposed to have been killed

in Palestine. She has, without difficulty, consoled herself, and fallen in love with a Saxon thane, Eadric. Ursyne, poor but beautiful, is passionately loved by Osbern, a bastard cousin of the late Carliol. But before that nobleman rode off to the crusades, he whispered secret words of love to Ursyne:

What words he said I heard not,
But, now he 's dead, I do remember them,
And they come back like distant music played
Behind great gates of bronze and adamant.

In a word, Ursyne's heart is buried with Carliol, wherefore she cannot respond to Osbern's passion. But now, behold! Carliol is not buried at all. He comes home from the Holy Land in excellent fettle. He is faithful to Arlette's money-bags, and proposes to marry her; but he also proposes to make Ursyne his mistress. Hearing this, Osbern stabs him. Arlette's lover, Eadric, is accused of the murder. To clear Eadric Osbern denounces himself. To save Osbern from torture, Ursyne runs his own knife into him. Then she dies by his side of a broken heart, and the curtain falls.

There are weak points in the structure of this drama. It is especially to be regretted that we are left so long in the dark as to the character of Carliol, and that to the end Ursyne's infatuation for him remains inexplicable. But we feel that even if the action were conducted with all conceivable skill, the play would still leave us unconvinced and cold. Why? Mainly, I think, because we feel it to be one long anachronism. Nay, more—it is, so to speak, a triple anachronism. We are asked to interest ourselves in men and women of the eleventh century, uttering sentiments of the nineteenth century, in the language (more or less) of the seventeenth century. We have to do not with one consistently sustained convention, which we accept once for all, but with a complex set of jarring conventions, which never allow the mind to yield itself comfortably to the artistic illusion. The imagination is required to run on rails of which the gauge is forever shifting. Our knowledge of the culture and social conditions of England in 1098 may be vague, but it is sufficient to render absolutely incredible the refinements of feeling, the introspective subtleties, attributed to Osbern and Ursyne; and then when we have made up our minds that they are Victorian personages conventionally transplanted to the reign of Rufus, we are once more brought up short by finding them speak, not Victorian English, but an idiom founded upon that of Elizabeth. The trouble is, I think, that Mrs. Craigie is imitating, in an age when the sense of historic perspective is highly developed, a form of drama evolved at a time when that sense was practically non-existent. The Elizabethans saw the whole past on two or three not very remote planes, and translated it all, with no sense of incongruity, into Elizabethan sentiments and Elizabethan language. In our eyes, the past is an endless vista of exceedingly delicate gradations, and when once a date is mentioned, though our knowledge of the period

may be scanty enough, our sense of the incongruous is forthwith on the alert. Too much so, perhaps; we may overrate, as much as the Elizabethans underrated, the differences between the present and the past; but the tendency is an inevitable one, with which it behoves the artist to reckon.

And here another influence must be noted which helps to denaturalize the modern poetic drama. The orthodox critical tradition of the century with regard to the Elizabethans has been the Lamb-Swinburne tradition, which makes for the glorification of the more violent, spasmodic, and contorted of the seventeenth-century writers, and proposes Webster in particular as a model of dramatic subtlety and force. I am far from arguing that this opinion is entirely unjustified; but I believe that its predominance has caused many modern writers to adopt what I venture to call a contorted and spasmodic ideal of drama, and especially of dramatic diction. They have come to identify drama with artificiality, and to hold no speech dramatic that is not thoroughly unnatural. Even Mrs. Craigie is apt to fall into this error. For instance, when Ursyne has told Osbern that Carliol's spirit attracts hers "as the sun draws vapor," Osbern replies:

Alas, poor vapor! Alas! foul, trumpery sun,
Lit up by artifice to shine at festivals
On women! O, vile lies in wait for dreams!
Never was talk so bitter-sweet of souls
But soon the creature fell with bodily hurt
Into a deep abyss.

Even supposing this observation appropriate to the character and the time, it is couched in a contorted form which is in reality the reverse of dramatic.

Where lies the hope, then, for a true rejuvenescence of poetic drama? I can only indicate with the utmost brevity the line of development which seems to me most promising. Since the picturesque-romantic ideal of drama is no longer vital, why not try the sculpturesque-classical? Do not attempt to make your drama live in the two elements of poetry and history, or at any rate historic time. Remember the famous definition of an amphibious organism—"It can't live on land and dies in the water." Plunge your drama entirely in one element, in one convention, creating for it an ideal atmosphere of passion and poetry. Cast off all trammels of history and geography, and place your action in an imaginary realm (whatever you choose to call it) where spirit may commune with spirit, will clash with will, unencumbered by local and temporal accident. Historic reconstruction is impossible, save as a work of mechanical pedantry; or, if it should ever prove artistically possible, it will certainly not choose blank verse for its medium. Let us, then, abjure the very name and appearance of the thing. Let us make abstract human nature our theme, and limpidly melodious human speech our medium. This was the method of Goethe in his "Iphigenie"; this was, essentially, the method of Racine (one

of the greatest of dramatic poets), even when his themes were nominally historical. Towards this method Mr. Swinburne seems to have been (perhaps unconsciously) feeling his way in "Rosamund." If the poetic drama has any future in England, I believe it is to be sought in the direction of clarified utterance and classical repose.

Notes of a Novel Reader

"My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,"

is the refrain that sings itself in the heart of the patriot. "'T is n't possible to always think the same way in politics straight along," explains the time-serving Captain Joe Bagby when he comes to dicker with the hot-tempered, honest Tory, Squire Meredith, about the terms upon which he will undertake to keep the Squire's name off the list of those to be arrested by the Committee of Safety as "enemies of the country."

In those comfortable half-hours when the average citizen thinks with complacent approval of the deeds of his ancestors in revolutionary times, he is not likely to remember how very far from unanimous was public sentiment in those days, nor how, even then, "practical politics" disfigured our history. But the Bagbys were numerous during that period, and their numbers and their influence are one of the facts Mr. Ford brings out with great distinctness in "Janice Meredith."* We would rather forget that the Continental soldiers were sometimes cowardly, and that incapacity and self-seeking often blurred the records of their leaders, but we are not allowed to do so here. "If we are finally conquered," says Brereton before the battle of Trenton, "'t will not be by defeat in the field, but by the dirty politics with which this nation is saddled, and which makes a man a general because he comes from the right State and knows how to wire-pull and intrigue. Faugh!"

This is not pleasant, but it is history, and there is a great deal of history of a very superior variety in Mr. Ford's revolutionary novel. Into the reconstruction of the colonial world as it then was, the author has thrown his creative strength. The domestic and social life of the time, the cross-currents of political intrigue, the strife between factions, the friction between individuals, all the human, little-regarded sides of the great struggle, are effectively suggested or carefully worked out. The wholly admirable result conduces to knowledge if not to patriotism.

But when we cease to regard "Janice Meredith" as history and begin to regard it as fiction, the result is not so completely satisfactory. The author might take for his private caption to this book, "I feel two natures struggling within me." He is a charming romancer of great refinement as well as an able historian of much strength. The

* "Janice Meredith." By Paul Leicester Ford. Two editions, 1 vol. and 2 vols., illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co.

natural expectation is, therefore, that his historical novel will be both stronger and more delicate than those of other men. But this is not what has happened. The fact seems to be that instead of working harmoniously for the development of a great historical novel, the author's twin endowments have battled for supremacy in this story, and the historian's gift has won. What Mr. Ford has to tell us of the social conditions and political history of the revolutionary period is far fresher and more vivid than anything he has to tell us about Janice Meredith, her friends and her lovers. Perhaps the real trouble with the vitality of this part of the book is that he has chosen to follow the fortunes of a heroine rather than those of a hero. He has never yet drawn a woman who was more than the vague sweet shadow of a lover's dream of her, and Janice is not more real than Maisie or the young girl whom Peter Stirling married. The only definite thing that we know about her is her beauty. In real life this is a sufficient endowment for a woman, but in fiction we must have something more. If the title of the book had been "Jack Brereton," and the tale had been told from the standpoint of the very actual hero, we should have had a much stronger piece of novel-writing. The young English officer who left the army and shipped to America as a bond-servant in the shock of learning a family secret, has a dramatic life, full of incident and passionate emotion. He is of just the stuff from which a hero should be fashioned, and it seems a little wasteful that the first place in the tale should not be given to the dogged and sensitive youth, full of hope, of despair, and of restless energy. We should have been glad to know more about his mental processes and to have seen him stand out a more detached figure from the closely wrought tapestry of a background into which Mr. Ford has woven a vast amount of detailed information as to the manners, habits, and spirit of our forefathers.

Mr. Davis has drunk of the fountain of Youth. His work does not change nor grow old. It remains forever fixed in its original effulgence. What says that bit from Aldrich ?

" In the east the rose of morning seems as though 't would blossom soon,
But it never, never blossoms in this picture ; and the moon
Never ceases to be crescent, and the June is always June."

The present reviewer had the extreme happiness of reading "Galleher, and Other Stories" while still so young that every tale in that volume was a separate ecstasy. There was one joy of the wild morning race through the suburbs of Philadelphia with the plucky office-boy, and there was another joy of quivering sympathy with the hero of "The Other Woman," and there was a third joy, perhaps the keenest, of artistic and ethical rapture over Van Bibber and the swan-boats. It was so dear of Van Bibber to do just that, when another man would have moped on the bank thinking about the Girl He Knew ! As for Mr. Davis's literary insight in perceiving the material for a story

in the incident, it was exquisite beyond words. There were giants on the earth in those days, and they walked abroad in the noble and magnanimous semblance of Van Bibber. One of them had actually known Mr. Davis in the days of his journalistic apprenticeship and had gone to a midnight prize-fight—or was it only a bicycle-race?—in his company; and it was a question for serious debate with a select audience of his feminine friends as to whether Mr. Davis could possibly have drawn Van Bibber if he had not been honored with the acquaintance of Mr. Blank? On the other hand, there was the girl who had known Mr. Davis at Swarthmore, and the fearful joy of questioning her as to his daily walk and conversation, doing it in the spirit of

“Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you?”

Then there was the whole summer long one travelled with “Gallegher” in one’s trunk, and read the best-loved tales aloud, of hot afternoons in the hills or at the shore, prefacing the reading with: “I’m so glad you have n’t read this before, for I know you can’t help liking it. It’s utterly lovely! Oh, there are no more books like ‘Gallegher’ nowadays!”

And yet—perhaps there are. Quite possibly “The Lion and the Unicorn”* is one of them. Only it takes the anointed vision of youth to find it out. To an older mind this seems only a slim little book containing four of the rattling good stories Mr. Davis knows so well how to write; nice, clean, wholesome tales with a pervasive rustle of good clothes, a high moral atmosphere, and the perfume of the more exquisite feelings.

To the jaundiced eye of maturity there is something vaguely artificial about the way Mr. Davis preserves the identical viewpoint of life he had when he was twenty-three. The perennial charm and youthfulness of his stories appear a little unnatural, now, and make the critical reader think of waxen cherries and of those curious green palms which have been embalmed to preserve their look of vigor at its height. Will Mr. Davis always remain twenty-three? On second thought this query is discourteous and ungrateful. There must always be some one to write charming stories for young people, and who can do it half so gracefully as he? It is perfectly obvious that if he can continue to fascinate successive generations of youth so well as he did the one which took “Gallegher” to its heart unreservedly, he will have created his share of human happiness. It is not a bad world in which a Davis story, a Gibson picture, and a box of bonbons can keep a human being happy for a whole afternoon. At the very least, the generation which accepts Mr. Davis’s heroes as prophets runs no risk of having bad clothes, bad manners, or lax morals. This is one way of lifting the torch above the heads of men. And a very pretty way it is.

* “The Lion and the Unicorn.” By Richard Harding Davis. Chas. Scribner’s Sons.

The child's world is as absolutely another sphere from ours as the plains of Mars or the hills of Paradise. And the one fear almost impossible to memory seems to be the recalling of this country of our early years. How did we think, feel, and look out upon the world then? Fathers and mothers are helplessly anxious to know; the pedagogue is continually theorizing in the hope of finding at last a theory that fits, while the novelist—who sometimes guesses—charms the world as Kenneth Grahame, Charlotte Brontë, and Jean Ingelow have charmed it.

"*The Autobiography of a Child*"* bears every sign of being authentic information about this Undiscovered Country, as it appeared to a small Irish girl of morbidly sensitive temperament who was thrown in contact with unusually exasperating and brutal grown-ups. The book has the interest which always attaches to sincere autobiographical documents. The writer has been a little too much in earnest, and, apparently, to make the idyll of pain and growth out of Angela's experiences which the reader feels to be latent in them, but this adds to the reality of the record more than it takes from its charm.

Angela's mother was a brute. It is to be hoped that the type has ceased to exist. She was a beautiful, cold, rough-tempered woman, whose chief pleasure in her six fine children was derived from banging them about. And yet this method, or no method, of upbringing produced truthful, honorable, and healthy young people. Angela spent the first seven years of her life at nurse in an Irish village, with a kindly woman who adored and spoiled her, and an admiring train of village children. After this she returned to her mother's house. "It would seem," she says, "that happiness imprints itself more clearly and more permanently upon the mind than misery. Beyond a sense of enduring wretchedness I can recall very little of my home life." One of the alleviations of this period was her kindly stepfather. "He saved me from many cruel beatings, and when I seemed more than usually miserable, he would, with an air of secrecy and guilt that charmed me, himself help to fasten on my little hat and coat, and carry me out upon his business calls."

After a time at home came years at an English convent school. These, too, were years of injustice, which transformed the "pensive inarticulate" child of Dublin into a small fiend of wilfulness and turbulence, only controlled by the influence of that one of the Sisters who treated her with kindness. "Wickedness dropped from me as a wearisome garment, and, divested of its weight, I trotted after her heels like a little lap-dog."

It will be seen that there are morals for the guardian of children writ large on every page of this little record, but this is by no means its chief value. It gives with great success in many places the very essence of childhood—that effect of a small being set in the middle of a great, fascinating, impenetrable country where there is romance and

* "*The Autobiography of a Child*," By Hannah Lynch. Dodd, Mead & Co.

mystery at every turn. Often this small being is the victim of injustice and cruelty, and often of her own helplessness and ignorance, but always she has the compensations of a child. There are no boundaries to her world, and no hard limits set to the things that may happen. The Unexpected may occur at any hour and may prove to be the Beautiful. The earlier chapters describing Angela's life in her nurse's village and those relating the vacation plays of the six Sisters left alone at the house in Dalkey, "with a garden, a dream of delights, that ran by shadowy slopes and bosky alleys down to the gray rocks where the sea seemed to become our very own," are especially full of the charm of the child-world.

Consideration of recent novels of fashionable life would lead one to believe that the world of society has no interest save finance and flirtation. If there are any people who have both character and position, the novelists choose to ignore their existence. Perhaps fiction of this sort has its place. Certainly the prolonged contemplation of many characters who are presented as typical men and women of the world is calculated to make the reader feel a strenuous sense of ownership in the Commandments, together with an extreme personal irritation at the utter levity with which they are set aside.

Among English writers of the novel of society as distinguished from the novel of life, Mr. E. F. Benson is easily conspicuous for a certain lavish ease in the handling of his material, and for convincing portraits of utterly worthless members of the upper classes. He has learned a great deal about the art of novel-writing, but London society, it would seem, has learned nothing. "Mammon & Co."* is a better-planned and constructed novel than "Dodo" or "The Rubicon," but the chief characters are if anything lighter, frothier, and generally less worthy than before. There are some chapters in the story that are both powerful and touching—the best that their author has ever done,—and the moral that to be bad is to be unhappy is writ large,—but even so, the necessity for the book's existence is not proven. A book with a moral is not necessarily a moral book.

I wonder if it ever occurred to Mr. Stockton that he writes the most hopelessly unmanageable books that reviewers ever have to deal with. His lack of consideration in this respect is quite appalling. It would be as easy to write a timely notice of the "Arabian Nights" as of "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander."† American readers are as familiar with the salient features of Mr. Stockton's manner as they are with the view from their own front door-steps. It is impossible to tell them anything new about him. They all have their opinion on the subject, and it is highly flattering. They know what they like, and they like Mr. Stockton. And whether you approach him from the

* "Mammon & Co." By E. F. Benson. D. Appleton & Co.

† "The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander." By Frank R. Stockton. The Century Co.

philosophical side and explain that his charm is that which always attaches to absurdity when treated with seriousness and even reverence, and that it appeals to the same underlying element in human nature that is reached by the mediæval grotesques; or whether you take him up in a practical way and recount the details of his latest invention, the result is the same—that is to say, *nil*. You have not made anybody understand his especial brand of humor who did not understand it before; you have not even darkened counsel and confused anybody as to his meaning. You are powerless to add to his friends or alienate his admirers. He is one of the flavors that must absolutely be savored at first hand. The fact seems to be that Mr. Stockton IS. He is elemental, indivisible, unassailable.

The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander lives in New York. He is fifty-three. He has been fifty-three since the time of Abraham, and finds it the golden age. He was a gardener in the days of Nebuchadnezzar and directed the labors of fifteen slaves. He dug and planted for Maria Edgeworth, who had just the same meditative expression as Nebuchadnezzar. He was a friend of King Solomon and, indeed, the first to tell him about the Queen of Sheba. He was wooing Delilah at the time she met Samson; and he tried to induce Petrarch to let Laura alone. His adventures are as absorbing as those of such an experienced gentleman are bound to be—and they repay perusal.

In "The White Terror" * M. Gras completes his story of the French Revolution begun in "The Reds of the Midi," and settles the ultimate fate of his many characters. Though complete in itself, and made understandable to him who has not read the two earlier volumes by means of a prologue in which their main incidents are ingeniously recounted, the book is really their conclusion, and will therefore be most welcome to those who have read them. It is more than a mere novel, though as a tale of adventure it will rank high with "The Reds of the Midi" and "The Red Terror"; it is also a vivid, many-sided picture of the anarchy that was born of liberty asserting herself, and of the gradual re-establishment of order by Napoleon's iron hand. This trilogy is not only enchanting fiction and good art; it is, above all, good history, and, what is still more, a vindication of the greatest blow ever struck for human liberty. Félix Gras's three historical novels will long be read. At the completion of her task, Mrs. Janvier deserves a word of hearty thanks. She has put the English reading world under an obligation to her. Nothing has come to us from foreign lands in recent years better worth translating than these three books—certainly not out of France.

* "The White Terror." Translated from the Provençal of Félix Gras by Catharine A. Janvier. D. Appleton & Co.

How to Not Read

BY GELETT BURGESS

It is bad luck, I know, to commence with a split infinitive, but, sneer at my syntax as you will, I protest that there is no other way of saying what I mean in four words. This, is, perhaps, a unique exception to the rule, and I throw down the gauntlet to the purist and grammarian. The problem should take rank with the apology for the terminal preposition and other literary puzzles.

But, though I appeal mainly to the frivolous, I would have my title understood. Let me assert, then, that—Most know how to read *not*; many know how *not* to read; some know *not* how to read; few know how to *not* read. In a word, the enviable art of *not reading* implies the deliberate renunciation rather than a lack of the ability to read.

There were, if I remember aright, sixty thousand books published in Great Britain last year. Perhaps it was sixty millions. I am not sure; and, besides, one has to take this sort of statement on trust from the short paragraphs of the literary weeklies and almanacks, and it is as impossible to prove or deny as that old favorite of the padded family papers: "Pins were first used by the Assyrians in 801 B.C." Both items have their place, and a very large place, in the economy of journalism. There were, moreover, several books published in the United States, and there are many, many magazines—so called, no doubt, from the deadly nature of their contents. If we must read them all, let us read them well, by all means; but that is not my point. How shall we not read them? I speak in the interests of the twentieth century, for, sooner or later, the terrible question must be faced.

In 1898 there was, as your family paper might put it, one book published for every $285\frac{1}{2}$ inhabitants; and the *Strand* or *McClure's* would probably illustrate this with a picture of $285\frac{1}{2}$ persons all attempting to read one book at once. But a knowledge of life disproves this state of things, just as it disproves the familiar statement about the pins, or the perennial advice as to how to rid a house of black beetles. What is nearer the fact is that there are, instead, $285\frac{1}{2}$ books attempting to get themselves read all at once, by one person.

Again, as your family paper, fond of statistics, might say, there is a book published every ninety-two seconds. But can we read a book in ninety-two seconds? Plainly, no! We should have to have minds working like kinetoscopes geared up to ninety-two, and we should die at eighteen years of age. *Que faut-il faire dans cette galère?*

In this furious struggle for existence there are many ways in which books and magazines try to get themselves read. There is, first, the method of preliminary announcements and newspaper puffs, which may be likened to the attempts of the circus poster, depending upon large type and many adjectives to force its locutions into the public eye. But its very insistence defeats its object. If you print everything in large type, it is precisely as if you printed everything in little type, and

if all your adjectives are superlative, there is no contrast to attract the attention, and the bill becomes a mere "all-over" pattern. So it comes to pass that the circus poster often fails to get as much attention as is bestowed by the judicious upon the small and unassertive restaurant *menu*.

Other methods are like those audacious attempts to surprise the reader

LIKE THIS,

and to shock him into a sort of interest. But the advertisers have overdone this sort of thing, and few of us attempt the back pages of the magazines or buy the books with sensational covers.

THE TURN OF THE SCREW



And there is, too, the method of "style" which attracts like an acrobatic show, where you wonder, not so much at the technique and difficulty of the performance, as at the fact that it should be thought worth while doing at all.

Most effective of all is the French method of paragraphing.

The white spaces catch the eye.

It looks like dialogue.

One's attention is entangled in the column, and has difficulty in extricating itself.

But it is not dialogue after all.

Disappointed, one looks for a "point" at the bottom, and then reads upward rapidly.

This is literally a typographic method, and a legitimate one, since

it lessens the length of a volume, but I am not prepared to define its analogy in method, as it was employed by Mr. Barrie in one of his earlier books. It makes a page look as strange as does dialect, which may or may not be an advantage.

So much for the writer's side of the struggle. Writing is a trade nowadays, and one's wares must be sold. A few can afford the show-window in Piccadilly, but we must not complain of the costers who have to hawk the barrow-load down the side streets.

THE FOREST LOVERS



The reader, however, may look upon literature either as an art or, like many other things, as a game. For the latter class, interested in names and fames, editions and successes, the human but temporary features of the sporting side of literature, it is not necessary to read a book, but only to know it and classify it, that it may be used as a counter in the game of the hour, and played for its author in the daily handicap. This may be called the Academic point of view.

Now, there are undoubtedly many books and many names that may be disregarded—books by poor devils that either dare not be eccentric enough to call loudly for butter in their tea, or turn some similar parlor-somersault into prominence, or else are writing for some ideal century in which literature *was* an art, and not a trade—these pawns die in the opening gambit.

But they all look alike, tricked out in their finery of press-work and binding; how are we to distinguish them? We have learned to place no reliance upon the critic, who, indeed, is but a new and more terrible sort of author himself; he, too, expects to be read! He offers us

only a choice of two evils. We must not compromise, in the twentieth century; we must learn to not read!

They do this sort of thing much better in pure science. Your palaeontologist can infer the whole mammoth from a bit of the femur; your palmist pretends to read life itself in a tangle of wrinkles, and your mathematician can describe the wonderful properties of a curve from a simple equation. *That* is what we want, the equation of the Book. Yet this is no mere question of arithmetic, like the literary problem of the Fleet Street editors, "Should Magazines be Sold by the Pound or by the Yard?" We approach the higher mathematics of literature; we are dealing with the mysteries of the Integral Calculus of Letters; our unknown quantities are functions of quantity and quality, and vary between romantic and realistic limits.

If, for instance, we

Let x = the matter, or plot,
and y = the manner, or style;

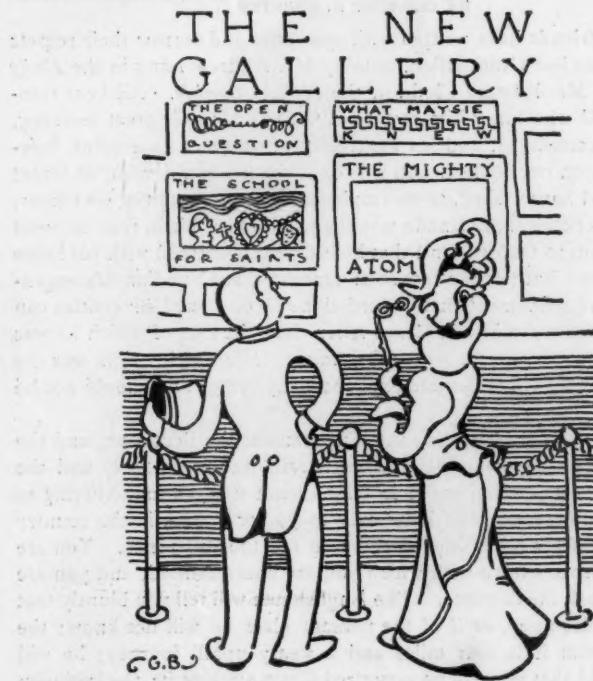
see how ingeniously affected the quadratics must become! Who shall write the equation of Meredith's style? Who shall raise Kipling's verse to a higher power? Who shall integrate Hardy's ethics, or differentiate Stevenson's charm? If I mistake not, this science is non-Euclidian; it involves space of n dimensions.



If it were only as simple as the sister art of painting! If we could go through our library as we visit an exhibition of pictures—give a shrewd glance at each new book, weigh its merits and defects, place it in its school, value its technique and sentiment, murmur, "H'm! Not bad, that!" or "I like *this part* in *here*, such wonderful atmosphere! And oh, his *touch*; I like it *so* much, and I like *this part*, in *here*!" We would jot down a patronizing note against each number in our catalogue, and emerge from the gallery into the blessed sunshine with a whole year's literature devoured in a fashionable half-hour! This, indeed, would be the apotheosis of Not Reading!

Let us seek, then, from a combination of these two methods, the

solution of our problem. The Geometrician, when his reasoning becomes too abstruse, makes his meaning clear by a diagram which summarizes his argument and exhibits its verity at a glance. The graphic method has never been applied to literature, but, following the analogy of pure science, we might express style, at least, by diagrams. We might analyze the shapes of sentences, and represent the diction of James, for example, by a Greek Fret, or of Caine by a Hyperbola whose directrix is inclined towards the gallery. But this is mere juggling with the jargon of geometry; we must describe something more than the mathematics of literature; we must represent it as an art, in terms of color, or light and shade.



To understand a book at a glance, then, our diagram must not be critical, but synthetic, synoptic, expository. For this we must use symbolism and a conventionalization of elements, which, once adopted, will enable us to estimate the whole subject for ourselves, and form our own conclusions as to plot and style. There are many who are really ready to do this in words, but we have had enough of words in the nineteenth century. So, for want of a better interpreter, I have painted the diagrams of two new books, to be hung in this New Gallery. I claim for them neither truth nor justice; they will seem like mere caricatures of works of art which I admire and would pay tribute

to; but they exemplify my proposed method, which, of itself, is right and universal.

You may have to read the books at first, to comprehend my formula, but that once mastered, you will know, at last, how it may be possible to not read. How long, then, must we wait before a race of Graphical Critics shall be bred to our needs? At present the demand for succor is urgent, for the annual army of new books is again charging upon us in the Publishers' Holiday List.

The Late Grant Allen

BY CLEMENT K. SHORTER

MANY friends have written with sympathy and sorrow their regrets that we have lost Grant Allen, notably Mr. Andrew Lang in the *Daily News*, and Mr. Edward Clodd in the *Daily Chronicle*. All bear testimony, as all who knew him could not fail to do, to his great learning, his large-heartedness, and his generosity of nature. One point, however, has been overlooked, and it is one which I could wish, as Grant Allen would have wished, to see emphasized in an account of his career. It has been noted that Canada was the place of his birth, that he owed his education to Oxford, and that he is chiefly identified with his home at Hindhead; but not the repose of manner that Canadian life engenders, nor the refinement that Oxford alone among our Universities can give, were more marked in Grant Allen than the fact of which he was eminently proud, that he was an Irishman. His Celtic origin was the key to his whole character and explains many things that should not be ignored.

There are gulfs separating the Englishman, the Scotsman, and the Irishman of to-day which the railway-train, the steamboat, and the marvellous cosmopolitanism of London do not succeed in modifying to any material extent. You have only to go for a walk in the country in any part of the sister isles in order to see the difference. You are four miles from a town with which you are unacquainted, and you are tired; you ask the distance. The Englishman will tell you bluntly that it is four miles away, or if of the peasant class he will not know; the Scotsman, that it is four miles and a weary uphill journey; he will probably add that you will be very tired if you attempt it; the Irishman will leave you in the vague. Without actually telling an untruth he will send you along cheerily under the impression that at the end of an easy mile or two you will have reached your destination. The average Englishman and Scotsman pronounce the Irishman insincere—in which the average Englishman and Scotsman show a lack of insight. It is all a question of temperament.

Grant Allen was often quoted as if everything that he said was to be taken literally, or that if it were not to be taken literally he was insincere. This was to misunderstand his temperament. When he declared that breaking stones on the road was better than the literary



MR. GRANT ALLEN
By Will Rothenstein
From English Portraits
Grant Richards

profession, he was in one of his moods. When he insisted that such and such a book was the greatest work of genius of the age, he was in another of these moods. No one really loved the literary profession more than Grant Allen. No one obtained altogether more of the joy of life that it could bring. No one, moreover, had a clearer critical insight as to the really worthy among his contemporaries. This did not prevent him giving a helping hand wherever a helping hand was needed. His encouragement in the face of the cold and unsympathetic criticism of the press sent many a young writer with renewed strength and perseverance along the pathway of life.

It should not be necessary to emphasize the Celtic element in Grant Allen, because he was always insisting upon it himself, and because he did more than any one else to popularize the theory of the Celtic element in literature first propounded by Renan and Arnold. His very versatility was the outcome of his Celtic origin. His suggestion, which often found its way into the press, that he had to write stories for bread, whereas he would fain work at scientific research, was not to be taken too seriously. He wrote stories as he wrote about art, about literature, about science, because his versatile temperament rendered it inevitable that he should do all these things. He was, in fact, a better, a kindlier, and in every way a nobler edition of George Henry Lewes. I do not for a moment believe that Allen, had he in early years come into a fortune, would have concentrated himself upon science in the way that Huxley did; or that if he had done so his life would have been as happy as it undoubtedly was.

It was many years before I met Grant Allen that I came to admire him heartily. I had read within a few months the volume of "Strange Stories," examples of fiction which he never surpassed, and also his "Anglo-Saxon Britain" and "Evolutionist at Large," which were issued a year or two earlier. The "Strange Stories" contained "The Reverend John Creedy" and "The Curate of Churnside," two unforgettable stories.* The "Anglo-Saxon Britain," published by the Christian Knowledge Society, was a corrective of Professor Freeman's fanaticism as to the place of the Anglo-Saxon in the story of the English race. It made one regret that its author was not a professional historian, just as the "Evolutionist at Large" made one sorry that he was not a professional man of science. Nevertheless, Grant Allen unduly assisted in a dispraise of his fiction that was not in the least justified. "He often told me gaily," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, "that I should not trouble myself with his task-work of that kind."† But I imagine that no writer of fiction, from Scott downward, has found his achievement other than task-work, and in any case there are a score of popular novelists of to-day whose fiction is not embodied in so good a literary style, nor is it so abounding in ideas as was that of

* They are reprinted in "Twelve Tales by Grant Allen" (Grant Richards), 1890.
† Grant Allen. An Address delivered at Woking on October 27, 1890, by Frederic Harrison. Privately printed, 1890.

this self-deprecating writer. Before he died, however, his gifts as a story-writer were really beginning to be taken seriously, and his stories were realizing in the *Strand Magazine* and elsewhere the high prices which are associated with the most accredited reputations in fiction.

None the less will one willingly recognize the charm which Mr. Grant Allen always brought to the popular exposition of science. He loved nature as I have never seen it loved by any other man. He would dart towards some tiny flower by the hedgerow and talk of it with a quite beautiful sympathy; he would watch the movements of a bird or an insect with an observation that seemed extraordinary to the average, and merely literary, person. Then he could turn to literature, to folk-lore, to a hundred problems that implied hard reading, with an equal zest to that which he had shown for nature.

There was indeed one subject over which I personally was crazy, into which Grant Allen would not follow some of his friends. He cared nothing for bibliography. It seemed to him not to have sufficient hold on the essentials in life. I remember once introducing to him another dear friend, a prince among bibliophiles, now also at rest, Mr. Dykes Campbell. But nothing would make him care for that "madness"—as perhaps it is—although he had himself a charming library enriched with autographs from Darwin, Spencer, and other eminent men of science; and all the younger poets whom he had so zealously befriended. Yet here I may note that in my own library not the least valued treasure is one of Mr. Allen's own books with the following inscription:

WITH KIND REGARDS FROM GRANT ALLEN

Deign, kindly editor, to look
With favour on a foolish book;
Nor doom it to condign perdition
Because 't is not a First Edition.
Forbear the rest to read, but take
This fly-leaf for the writer's sake.

Hindhead, May 27, 1894.

Not less interesting is a copy of "The Woman Who Did," in which the author had written an injunction to "Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it." That book, it will be remembered, was inscribed "To my dear wife, to whom I have dedicated my twenty happiest years"; and here let me say that the picture of Grant Allen as an unhappy and a discontented man is absolutely remote from the facts. In the whole range of English domestic life there could not have been any home circle more impressively attractive. Devoted to his wife, who not less than himself fascinated all who visited their house, Grant Allen delighted to dispense hospitality. And among his guests he was the soul of geniality and joyousness. Nor were his sympathies confined to those who assumed more or less his own outlook upon life's mysteries. To say that he had devoted friends in the Christian Church is only to

say that all who really came to know Grant Allen came to love and honor him as well. Then what a lesson he taught of industry and quiet work, even under the conditions of a painful illness! Almost at the moment of his death three books appeared with his name upon their title-pages. "Twelve Tales," a selection from his short stories, had a preface which his friends now read with a deep melancholy. "The European Tour," a volume for the guidance of travellers, was the outcome of much pleasant journeying through Europe with his wife. These two books were published by his nephew, Mr. Grant Richards, while Mr. John Lane has issued a luxurious edition of White's "Natural History of Selborne," to which Grant Allen's Notes and Introduction give a very special value.

An undue measure of reminiscence is perhaps uncalled for so soon, but it is to be hoped that a brief memoir of Grant Allen will ultimately be given to the world. I say "brief" because the lives of the most distinguished men that have ever lived have nearly all been too long, and the world is impatient now of long biographies. It consigns them to oblivion before half an edition is exhausted. But a brief "Life" of Grant Allen, indicating his strenuousness, his kindness, his extravagant generosity towards his fellows, must be written, and it is to be hoped that it will be written by his friend, Mr. Edward Clodd, in whose company and under whose roof I recall many a pleasant hour of Grant Allen's talk. One Whitsuntide holiday at Mr. Clodd's Aldeburgh residence particularly recurs to me, and I find in my copy of Grant Allen's poems, "The Lower Slopes," the following verses in the author's handwriting. They were an impromptu farewell after some days of exhilarating companionship with Mr. Thomas Hardy as a fellow-guest. Mr. Edward Whymper was of the party for a short time. Hence the reference to the Alps. The kindly rhymes—he would not have wished that they should be counted for more—in Grant Allen's singularly neat handwriting, bear the signatures of "Grant Allen," "E. Clodd," and "T. Hardy."

Oh, how we laughed until we cried,
In Stafford House, at Whitsuntide!
What words we spake of men and gods,
Beneath that friendly roof of Clodd's!

How late we tarried, slow and tardy,
Yet loth to lose one tale from Hardy!
How lightly flew the luring hours,
Their wings just clashed with summer showers;
Wild winds might blow from every quarter;
Still beamed the genial face of Shorter;
Big drops might patter by the gallon;
Still faster flowed the tongue of Allen.
The clock might point a warning hand:
What recked of clocks that jovial band,
While Alps with virgin snow stood hoary,
Or Wessex moors lay steeped with glory,

While wistful wreaths of smoke upcurled
To veil an all too solid world,
And limpid still on souls untroubled
The crystal fount of whiskey bubbled ?

Ah, years that come, ah, years that go,
You bring us weal or bring us woe,
But not one hour, I 'll lay you odds,
To match that Whitsun week at Cloddy's!

This reminiscence—and there are a dozen similar in the fly-leaves of my books—is most mournful to some of us to-day when we remember also that those bright conversations, those invigorating debates, will never be repeated. But let it not be said that Grant Allen's life was in the main unhappy or unsuccessful. To him was given a noble wife, a beautiful home, a devoted circle of friends, and as much of literary success as comes to most men. That he died at fifty-one in the fulness of his powers is the unspeakable tragedy; but his death had no relation to his zeal for work, to his boundless intellectual activity. The painful disease that had seized him would have come just the same had he been destined for a life of idleness. He set us, however, a noble example of tolerance and generosity. Many a younger writer will ever look back and affectionately recall the encouraging word from Grant Allen. Many men and women who knew him will pray that their own life-work, when the end comes, may in all sincerity receive an equal meed of well-deserved praise.

Lord Rosebery on Cromwell

[The first statue of Oliver Cromwell to be erected in London was unveiled on the lawn before the west front of Westminster Hall at half-past seven in the morning of Tuesday, the 14th of November last, without any formal ceremony. On the evening of the same day a meeting was held in Queen's Hall to celebrate the tercentenary of the Protector's birth. Lord Welby presided and Lord Rosebery delivered the following address.—Eds.]

THERE are two great acts in the Protector's career on which I propose to offer none but the very fewest and sparsest observations. The first is his policy towards Ireland. With regard to that I am bound to say that it admits of explanation, but it hardly admits of excuse. I am one of those who feel that were I an Irishman I, at any rate, should not be a contributor to a statue to Oliver Cromwell. I am not sure that even as a Scotsman I may not have to bear some little censure for being present on this occasion. But to our Irish friends I may say that as we do not interfere with the statues which they put up in Dublin they may refrain from interfering with the statues which we choose to put up in London. It is true that the policy of Cromwell towards Ireland was ruthless and cruel in the extreme, but two things should be remembered—not by way of palliation, but of explanation. In the first

place there was great provocation; and in the second place the Puritans, of whom he was the leader, were deeply imbued, for reasons which it would take too long to explain, with the lessons of the Old Testament. They believed that they were the chosen people of God, and had the right to deal with their enemies as the Israelites dealt with the Amalekites. That is the explanation, but not the palliation, of Cromwell's conduct towards Ireland.

Nor will I say anything about the execution of Charles I. That was an act which I think was barely justified by the circumstances. But it was an act as to which one or two facts are generally forgotten, if they were ever known, by the critics of the memory of Cromwell. The first is that it was not a willing act on the part of Cromwell. He endeavored as far as he could to work with the King; and it was not until he found that the King would accept no position short of the absolute ideal which he had formed for himself of kingship that Cromwell was forced to desist from the attempt. You must remember also that he had found from painful experience that Charles held no measure with his opponents; that he was in no respect to be trusted; and also we must remember what is now better known—that it is not possible for a feudal monarch to be his own constitutional successor. The two things cannot combine in one man. If you were to have a constitutional sovereign, you were bound in one way or another to get rid of Charles I.; and it seems to me that, as a stroke of policy, means much more gentle might have been adopted, which would have prevented the act being, as in essence it was, not merely a crime, if crime you call it, but a political blunder as well. There is only one further remark I will make on this subject. Happy is the dynasty which can permit without offence or without fear the memory of a regicide to be honored in its capital. Happy the sovereign and happy the dynasty that, secure in their constitutional guarantees and in the world-wide love of their subjects, can allow such a ceremonial as this to take place without the shadow of annoyance or distrust.

What manner of man was this Cromwell whom we seek to honor to-night? Probably we shall get as many answers as there are people in this hall. Every one has his own theory of Cromwell, and they are apt to be very jarring theories. There is, of course, the popular but perhaps illiterate view which you sometimes hear expressed, that he was a "damned psalm-singing old humbug, who cut off the head of his King." To a considerable number of those who talk about Cromwell, the knowledge of him is limited to that simple assertion. I do not know whether that is the opinion of the majority of the House of Lords. At any rate let me quote two or three testimonies on the other side. Lord Macaulay said of him that he was "the greatest Prince that ever ruled England." The greatest living authority on that period,—Samuel Rawson Gardiner,—who is by no means a favorable critic of all the policy of Cromwell, sums him up in these words: "It is time for us to regard him as he really was, with all his physical and



From the London Daily Chronicle

MR. THORNYCROFT'S STATUE OF CROMWELL

moral audacity, with all his tenderness and spiritual yearnings, in the world of action what Shakespeare was in the world of thought—the greatest because the most typical Englishman of all time." But there is one testimony which I regard as more valuable because—I cannot say it is more unbiased—it is more naturally biased in the other direction. It is the testimony of Southey, the great Tory man of letters in his day—not Conservative, remember, but the Tory historian of his day. He speaks of Cromwell as "Lord of these three kingdoms and indisputably the most powerful potentate in Europe," and as "certainly the greatest man of an age in which the race of great men was not extinct in any country; no man was so worthy of the station which he filled." I balance these testimonies against the majority in the House of Lords. But if I am asked on what grounds I personally admire him I could not give them all to-night; but I should say that in the first place he was a great soldier; that in the second place he was a great ruler; and that in the third place he was a great raiser and maintainer of British influence and power abroad.

Take him as a soldier. I am, of course, not competent to give any technical opinion of Cromwell's merits as a soldier. But I believe that the experts now pronounce the opinion that Cromwell was one of the great soldiers of his day, and of all days. But, at any rate, we who are not soldiers can understand certain particular features of Cromwell's military career which are patent to us all. In the first place, it was marvellously short; it was begun at so late a period of life—I think he was forty-two when he entered the army and fifty-one when he sheathed his sword. Well, that seems to me a most remarkable feature. But there was this peculiarity about Cromwell, that he won every battle which he fought, and we at any rate can judge of this also. With what political enthusiasm he managed to inspire his soldiers, and with what extraordinary instinct he was able to detect the weakest point in the enemy's battle! No one, I think, who has read the accounts of the battles of Cromwell can but think that he was a born soldier, and that he had the military capacity in its highest sense and highest degree.

Let me take him now for a moment as a ruler. I have not called him a statesman,—deliberately,—because Cromwell had no opportunity of showing his qualities as a statesman. His reign was too brief. His life was too short. He died at an age when a man would be considered almost young as a Prime Minister in these days. And there is more than this to be recollectcd with respect to him. He was always ruling on behalf of a minority. Perfectly true was it that he was fighting the battle of freedom, perfectly true he was fighting the battle of toleration, and equally and indisputably true was it that the majority of the nation was not favorable to his policy, and he had to fight against their instincts and their prejudices. That accounted for the difficulties he had to face in the course of his career. He had Parliaments to dissolve, to weed, to sift; Parliaments in which he even had to guard the doors in

order that no member of the Opposition should gain an entrance. What was Cromwell's position ? He was in reality a destructive agent, appointed, as it were, to put an end to a feudal monarchy, and to be the introducer of a new state of things which did not rest on the will of the people, but on the will of the army; and when we consider this we shall feel that Cromwell did accomplish extraordinary things. In Scotland, where he was no welcome intruder—Scotland (though it may be no great compliment, and I am sorry to have to say it) he governed better than it had ever been governed before, and better than it was governed for a long time afterwards. He certainly effected the union of Scotland and England, and, what was practically far more important, effected a measure which gave a freedom of trade, which was regarded with so much prejudice that it was one of the causes of the opposition accorded to him in England. Those are considerable features in his career. But there is one more to which I have made allusion, and it is that of his policy as a ruler, a point on which we cannot lay too great an emphasis. He was the first ruler who really understood and practised toleration.

It is quite true that some Episcopalians were not allowed to practise their faith so freely as they might have desired; but I think, Sir, in that case there was a political reason, and it was the Royalist, and not the Episcopalian, who was forbidden to influence the people at that period. But we know he was capable of an act of tolerance which seems almost incredible in those days, and not even in these days universal, for he was the first Prince who reigned in England who welcomed and admitted Jews—and I am glad to note, in passing, that the heads of that community, such as Lord Rothschild, Sir Samuel Montagu, and Mr. Benjamin Cohen, are here on the platform to-night to show by their presence their appreciation of that act of beneficence. However, there is one peculiarity connected with the rule of Cromwell not unknown to other great men, and it is a peculiarity of great men that they have a tendency to wreck the thrones on which they sit. Take the case of Frederick the Great, who lived the life of a soldier, a state-steward, and a bureaucrat in one. He made every detail, province, and department of government to centre in himself, and gradually absorbed everything. Nothing could be done without his sanction and knowledge. He made himself the mainspring of the machine, and when he withdrew the machinery collapsed and had to be constructed afresh. Take, again, the case of Napoleon. He differed from Frederick in that he did not find a throne, but had to construct one. Once on it, it seemed to be his object to make it impossible for any one else to sit upon it. He combined activity with skill, and he was a man with a mind embracing the largest questions and smallest details. He absorbed all. Everything seemed to get light and guidance from him. Had he died as Emperor his disappearance would have caused, not a vacancy, but a gulf in which almost the apparatus of government must have disappeared. So with Cromwell in a different sense. He, too, had his throne. It rested

on some sixty thousand armed men; but had it lost their support it would have fallen, because it was antagonistic to the nation at large, and was held by Cromwell on a personal tenure. He did not even seem to have troubled about naming a successor, and why? Because he knew he could not bequeath the tenure to his successor. The real founder of dynasties is one who produces not merely thrones, but institutions; hence few dynasties are founded. The founder is the only potent institution, and he is essentially mortal.

Then I take Cromwell as the raiser and maintainer of the power and Empire of England. I do not propose to-night to trace the way in which he made his name and the name of his country honored and respected; it would take me too long, and, indeed, is not particularly easy to define. But there is one ground, one clear ground, upon which he fixed the attention of Europe. He was not born to the title as his predecessors and successors were, but he was in essence Defender of the Faith. You know what he did with regard to the Waldenses, those persecuted Protestants the massacres and horrors perpetrated upon whom remain forever a dark feature in European history. Cromwell spoke; he did not interfere by arms, though I have seen his action on this subject cited as a precedent for religious interference by arms—he did not interfere by arms, but he wrote despatches, and by the force of diplomacy, backed by a great army and his supreme reputation, he achieved his object, and those that remained of the Waldenses were saved. When Europe saw Cromwell was in earnest, Europe had no hesitation as to the course it had to adopt. Indeed, it is very remarkable—it is not, as I have said, wholly explicable—the extraordinary deference, I had almost said the adoration, Europe paid to him. Spain and France contended for his alliance. Two great Catholic countries contended for the honor of alliance with the Defender of the Protestant Faith. The great Roman Catholic monarch Louis XIV. sought it. Cardinal Mazarin, a Prince of the Roman Church, earnestly, almost humbly, sought his alliance; and, as showing the position of power and honor Cromwell held, I may mention a letter from the great Condé, the greatest general on the Continent of Europe at a time when the Continent of Europe produced many great generals: "I am exceedingly delighted," he says, "with the justice which has been paid to your Highness's merit and virtue. I consider that the people of the three kingdoms are in the height of their glory in seeing their goods and their lives entrusted at last to the management of so great a man." That is no republican sentiment, that is no Protestant testimony; it is that of a great Roman Catholic French Prince. Well, I would ask, What is the secret of this extraordinary power? As I said before, you will all of you probably give one answer or another, many of them likely to conflict. There is one answer I suppose everybody here would give—that the secret of Cromwell's strength rested in his religious faith. I discard that answer, because it would be begging the question. No, my answer is this—that he was a practical mystic, the most formidable and terrible of all

combinations. A man who combines inspiration apparently derived—in my judgment really derived—from close communion with the supernatural and celestial, a man who has that inspiration and adds to it the energy of a mighty man of action, such a man as that lives in communion on a Sinai of his own, and when he pleases to come down to this world below seems armed with no less than the terrors and decrees of the Almighty Himself.

With all his vigorous characteristic personality there is something impersonal about Cromwell. Outside the battlefield he never seems a free agent, but rather the instrument of forces outside and about him. The crises of nations, like the crises of nature, have their thunderbolts, and Cromwell was one of these; he seems to be propelled, to be ejected into the world in the agony of a great catastrophe and to disappear with it. On the field of battle he is a great captain, ready, resourceful, and overwhelming; off the field he seems to be a creature of invisible influences, a strange mixture of a strong practical nature with a sort of unearthly fatalism, with a sort of spiritual mission, and this combination in my judgment seems to mark the strength of Cromwell. This mysterious symbolism seems to have struck the Eastern Jews so much that they sent a deputation to England to inquire if he was the Messiah indeed. Well, that is not exactly a combination that can be produced in bronze or any known metal, but Mr. Thornycroft has given us a statue the nearest equivalent to it. He has given us Cromwell with sword in one hand and Bible in the other. Well, I suppose our critics will say there is no question whatever about the sword, but there is a great deal of doubt about the genuineness of the Bible; indeed, the whole controversy hinges on the question, Was Cromwell a hypocrite or not? That is why I told you the answer resting his success on his religious faith would be begging the question. Therefore I must discard it. It is a question, however, that must stand unanswered until the secrets of all hearts are revealed; it is a secret left between Cromwell and his God. Those who hate his memory for other reasons are determined to believe that he was a hypocrite, but, at any rate, we who are here to-night do not believe that he was a hypocrite, or we should not be here. I think those who call Cromwell a hypocrite can never have read his letters to his children. Those are not State documents; those were not meant to be published in blue-books; it was a happy age when there were no blue-books; they were not meant to put the government of the Protector in a favorable light; they were the genuine outpourings of a sincere soul. Let me take a further incident of Cromwell's life not familiar to those who have called him hypocrite. The pious Quaker George Fox, not then in the position that Quakers occupy now in this country,—they were harried, imprisoned, persecuted outcasts,—he, an outcast among men, demanded an audience of the Great Protector. He did not come to beg compassion for his people or to ask for any particular favor; he came to testify to the great man, to preach to the great man, and in his leathern jerkin he did preach to

him. What had Cromwell to gain by being civil to this man, and by listening to what many would have thought rodomontade? Most people would have thought it a duty to hand him over to justice, but Cromwell saw the sincerity of the man, welcomed him, and clasped him to his heart.

Let me tell you another little story you may not have heard before—not much in itself, but curious for the directness with which it comes. It was told me by a friend of mine, a bishop of the Established Church—by no means one of the oldest of the bishops, because he is of my own age—and he was told it by a gentleman who had it from a doctor—that makes three people—and the doctor heard it from the Sir Charles Slingsby of his day, who had it from a nurse. That is but five people, and covers not a very long period. I trust that many of you will live long enough to carry over similarly events of our time. He heard it from the nurse, who as a girl told the story. The day before Marston Moor, Cromwell arrived at Knaresborough, and while there he disappeared from among his troops. Search was made for him for two hours, but he could not be found; but this girl, who afterwards became nurse, remembered an old unused room at the top of the tower; it was the only possible place where Cromwell could be, and the girl, peeping through the keyhole of the locked door, saw the Protector on his knees with his Bible before him, wrestling, as he would have said, in prayer, as he had been wrestling for the two hours he had been missing. Was there anything to be gained by this? Was there any effect to be made by his locking himself in the neglected, ruined chamber and imploring the blessing of the God of battles in the contest of the following day? I see nothing to be gained, and if those who read the story still think him a hypocrite, why then he must have become a hypocrite so consummate that hypocrisy became as much a part of his being as the air he breathed. But I will give a more practical reason for my belief that Cromwell was not a hypocrite. Had he been, he could not have been such an enormous success; he could not have wielded the enormous force that he did. A religious force which is based on hypocrisy is no force at all. It may stand inspection for a moment, like a house built upon the sands, but when the storms come, when the rain descends, and when the winds blow, under the stress of adverse circumstances, the house and the fabric disappear. I believe, then, that had Cromwell been a hypocrite he would have been found out. I believe that if he had been a hypocrite he would not have been able to maintain himself in the dazzling position which he achieved; and had he been a hypocrite he could not have formed that army which he commanded and which was indubitably the greatest army in Europe at the time of his death.

Let me take the point of the army. He became early aware of the enormous force which religious fervor would give to his army, but he did not utilize this discovery by making hypocrites of his army. He utilized it by selecting those men who he knew were of good repute

among their neighbors; steady, earnest, God-fearing men who would be equal to sustaining the onset of the brilliant army commanded by the King and his cousin. Cromwell told his friend and cousin, the illustrious Hampden,—and I rather think that we have the pleasure of seeing a descendant of Hampden here to-night, at any rate I see the possessor of Hampden here,—he told Hampden that the men whom he was leading were no match for the chivalry of the King's army. He said: "You must get men of spirit, and take it not ill, I know you will not, but you must get men of spirit as like to go as far as Parliament will go or you will be beaten still. I raised such men as had the fear of God before them and as made some conscience of what they did; and from that day forward I must say to you that they were never beaten, and wherever they were engaged against the enemy they beat continually." With these men he won his battles and beat down the chivalry of England. Are we to believe then that these Ironsides were merely canting hypocrites, that they rode to death with a lie on their lips and a lie on their hearts? Surely not. To believe that would be to misunderstand the nature of the forces that sway mankind. Nor did the lives of these men belie them. As a contemporary chronicler says: "The countries where they came leapt for joy of them"—which I believe is not always the welcome given to an army by the peaceful inhabitants of the country they traverse—"and even came in and joined with them." And so by his selection, and by his influence, he welded that impregnable force, that iron band which he himself at the last could hardly sway to his will. Had they been hypocrites this could not have been; and as they could not have been hypocrites their exemplar, their prophet, their commander, could not have been a hypocrite either. It is not unfrequently to be noted that Cromwell's action jars with Christianity as we in this nineteenth century understand it. But, as I have said, his religion and that of the Puritans was based largely on constant, literal, daily reading of the Old Testament. The newer criticism would have found no patron in Cromwell. Indeed, I believe that its professors would have fared but ill at his hands. He himself lived with an absolutely childlike faith in the atmosphere and with the persons of the Old Testament. Joshua and Samuel and Elijah were as real and living beings to him as any people in history or any of the persons by whom he was surrounded. His favorite psalm, we are told, was the 68th—the psalm that, even in the tumult of the victory of Dunbar, he shouted on the field of battle before he ordered the pursuit of the retreating army. But it always seemed to me that another psalm, the 149th, much more closely reproduces the character, the ideas, and the practice of Cromwell: "Let the saints be joyful in glory. . . . Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand; To execute vengeance upon the heathen and to rebuke the people; To bind their kings in chains and their nobles with links of iron, And that they may be avenged of them as it is written, 'Such honour have all His saints.'" It is not a comfortable or patient or

long-suffering creed, it is true, but, remember, it is the creed that first convulsed and then governed England—the faith of men who carried their iron gospel into their iron lives, who would not have done what they did do had they been hypocrites, who would not have received their incomparable inspiration from any hypocrite who ever lived.

Great and opulent and powerful as we are, so far from banishing his memory, we could find employment for a few Cromwells now. The Cromwell of the nineteenth or the Cromwell of the twentieth century would not be the Cromwell of the seventeenth century, for great men are colored by the age in which they live. He would, at any rate, not be Cromwell in his externals. He would not decapitate; he would not rise in rebellion; he would not speak the Puritan language. But he would retain his essential qualities as a general, as a ruler, as a statesman. He would be strenuous, he would be sincere. He would not compromise with principles. His faith would be in God and in freedom, and in the influence of Great Britain as promoting, as asserting, both. In that faith he lived, by those lines he governed, imperfectly, no doubt, as mortals must be imperfect, but honestly. In that faith, by those principles he lived, and governed, and died. Sir, I hope that we, too, as a nation are animated in our patriotism by no lower an ideal. I speak of the nation as a whole, for I know that there are some individuals to whom this theory is cant, and the worst of cant. I know it, and I am sorry for them. But, on the other hand, I believe that the vast majority of our people are inspired by a nobler creed; that their imperialism, as it is called, is not the lust of dominion or the pride of power, but rather the ideal of Oliver Cromwell. If that be so, a statue more or less matters little. So long as his influence pervades the nation the memory of Cromwell is not likely to suffer disparagement for the want of an effigy. And, even if it were so, he has a surer memorial still; for every one, I think, every one, at any rate, who is worth anything, has in his heart of hearts a Pantheon of historical demigods, a shrine of those who are demigods for them,—not even demigods, for they would then be too far and too aloof from mankind, but a shrine in which they consecrate their memories of the best and noblest of born men. In that Pantheon in many English hearts—and those not the worst whether the effigy of Cromwell be situated outside or inside Parliament or, indeed, invisible altogether—would be found eternally engraved the monument and the memory of the Great Protector.



Literature

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THERE are feelings and views about life; there is conviction and insight which come from thinking at a high rate of speed and vanish when the machinery moves slowly and the blood ebbs. The world not only accepts the intensity of the writer, but demands it. Nevertheless, the world has an imperfect knowledge as to where this intensity comes from, how it is produced, or what relation it bears to ugliness and falsehood. "What a pleasure it must be to you," said Rothschild to Heine, "to be able to turn off those little songs."

In our ordinary moods we regard the conclusions of the poets as both true and untrue; true to feeling, untrue to fact; true as intimations of the next world or of some lost world, untrue here, because detached from those portions of society that are perennially visible. Most men have a duplicate philosophy which enables them to love the arts and the wit of mankind at the same time that they conveniently despise them. Life is ugly and necessary; art is beautiful and impossible. "The farther you go from the facts of life the nearer you get to poetry. The practical problem is to keep them in separate spheres and enjoy both." The hypothesis of a duplicity in the universe explains everything and staves off all claims and questionings.

Such are the convictions of the average cultivated man. His back is broken, but he lives in the two halves comfortably enough. He has to be protected at his weak spot, of course, and that spot is the present; ten years from now, to-morrow, yesterday, the day of judgment, the State of Pennsylvania,—all these you are welcome to. Every form of idealism appeals to him, so long as it does not ask him to budge out of his armchair. "Aha," he says, "I understand this. It takes its place in the realm of the Imagination."

This man does not know, and has no means of knowing, that good books are only written by men whose backs are not broken, and whose vital energy circulates through their entire system in one sweep. They have a unitary and not a duplicate philosophy. The present is their strong point. The actualities of life are their passion. They lay a bold hand upon everything within their reach for they see it with new sight.

The glitter of the past makes us think of literature as embodied in books; but to understand literature we must fix our minds on authors, not on books. The men who write—what makes them write well or ill? What are the conditions that breed poetry, or music, or architecture? The current beliefs about art and letters are fatalistic. It is supposed that poets and artists crop up now and then and that nothing can stop them; they need no aid, they conquer circumstances. I do not believe it. We see no analogy to it in nature. Among the plants and the fishes we see nothing but a wholesale and incredible destruction of germs on all sides. It seems a miracle that any seed should

fall upon good ground and be sheltered till it come to the flower. Why should the percentage of germs that come to maturity be greater with genius than it is with the eggs of the sturgeon? The enemies of each are numerous. If it were not for the fecundity of nature we should have none of either of them. And how is it that the great man always happens to be young at the very moment when some events are going forward that ripen his powers, so that he grows up with his time and does something that is comprehensible to all time?

The answer is, that all eras are sown thick with the seeds of genius, which for the most part die, but in a favoring age mature to greatness. Must we resort to a theory of special creation to explain the great talents of the world? And even this would not explain our own welcome and our own comprehension of them when they come. If it were not for the undeveloped powers, the seeds of genius, in ourselves, Plato and Bach would be meaningless, and Christ would have died in vain.

It must be that thousands of good intellects perish annually. The men do not die, but their powers wither, or rather never mature. Art (like everything else) represents an escape, a survival. In any age that lacks it, or is weak in it, we may look about for the enginery by which it is crushed. In looking into a past age we are put to inference and conjecture. We see the mark of fetters upon the Byzantine soul, and we begin dredging the dark waters of history for a metaphysical cause. We cannot walk into a Byzantine shop and watch the apprentice at work. But in our own time we can see the whole process in action. We can study our modern Inquisitions at leisure and note every mark that is made upon a soul that is passing through them.

It does not involve any indignity to the pretensions of Literature if we walk into that great bazaar, modern journalism, and see what is going on there behind the counters. Here is a factory of popular art. It is not the whole of letters; but it has an influence on the whole of letters. The press fills the consciousness of the people. A modern community breathes through its press. Journalism, to be sure, is a region of letters, where all the factors for truth are at a special and peculiar discount. Its attention is given to near and ugly things, to mean quarrels, business interests, and special ends. Every country shows up badly here. The hypocrisy of the press is the worst thing in England. It is the worst exhibition of England's worst fault. The press of France gives you France at her weakest. The press of America gives you America at her cheapest. Perhaps the study of journalism in any country would illustrate the peculiar vices of that country; and it is fair to remember this in examining our own press. But examine we must, for it is important.

The subject includes more than the daily newspapers. Those ephemeral sheets that flutter from the table into the waste paper basket, which are something more than mere newspapers and less than magazines, and the magazines themselves which are more than budgets of

gossip and less than books, make up a perpetual rain of paper and ink. Thousands of people are engaged in writing them, and millions in reading them. This whole species of literature is typical of the age; let us see how it is conducted.

A journal is a meeting-place between the forces of intellect and of commerce. The men who become editors always bear some relation to the intellectual interests of the country. They make money, but they make it by understanding the minds of people, who are not taking money but thought from the exchanges that the editors set up. A magazine or a newspaper is a shop. Each is an experiment and represents a new focus, a new ratio between commerce and intellect. Even trade journals have columns devoted to general information and jokes. The one thing a journal must have in order to be a journal is circulation. It must be carried into people's houses, and this is brought about by an impulse in the buyer. The buyer has many opinions and modes of thought which he does not draw from the journal, and he is always ready to drop a journal that offends him. An editor is thus constantly forced to choose between affronting his public and placating his public. Now whatever arguments may be given for his taking one course or the other, it remains clear that in so far as an editor is not publishing what he himself thinks of interest for its own sake he is encouraging in the public something else besides intellect. He is subserving financial, political, or religious bias, or, it may be, popular whim. He is, to this extent at least, the custodian and protector of prejudice.

The thirst of an editor-owner, who is building up the circulation of a paper tends to keep him conservative. Repetition is safer than innovation. An especially strong temptation is spread before the American editor in the shape of an enormous reading public made up of people who have a common-school education, and who resemble each other very closely in their traits of mind. There is money to be made by any one who discerns a new way of reinforcing any prejudice of the American people.

It has come about very naturally during the last thirty years, that journalism has been developed in America as one of the branches in the science of catering to the masses on a gigantic scale. The different kinds of conservatism have been banked, consolidated, and, as it were, marshalled under the banners of as many journals. Money and energy have been expended in collecting these vast audiences, and sleepless vigilance is needed to keep them together.

The great investments in the good-will of millions are nursed by editors who live by their talents and who in another age would have been intellectual men. The highest type of editor now extant in America will as frankly regret his own obligation to cater to mediocrity as the business man will regret his obligation to pay blackmail, or as the citizen will regret his obligation to vote for one of the parties. "There is nothing else to do. I am dealing with the money of others.

There are not enough intelligent people to count." He serves the times. The influence thus exerted by the public (through the editor), upon the writer, tends to modify the writer and make him resemble the public. It is a spiritual pressure exerted by the majority in favor of conformity. This exists in all countries, but is peculiarly severe in countries and ages where the majority is made up of individuals very similar to each other. The tyranny of a uniform population always makes itself felt.

If any man doubts the hide-bound character of our journals to-day let him try this experiment. Let him write down what he thinks upon any matter, write a story of any length, a poem, a prayer, a speech. Let him assume as he writes it that it cannot be published, and let him satisfy his individual taste in the subject, size, mood, and tenor of the whole composition. Then let him begin his peregrinations to find in which one of the ten thousand journals of America there is a place for his ideas as they stand. We have more journals than any other country. The whole field of ideas has been covered, every vehicle of opinion has its policy, its methods, its precedents. A hundred will receive him if he shaves this, pads that, cuts it in half; but not one of them will trust him as he stands. "Good, but eccentric." "Good, but too long." "Good, but new."

Let us follow the steps of this withering influence. A young illustrator does an etching that he likes. He is told to reduce it to the conventional standard. This is easy, but what is happening in the process? He blurs the fine edges of vision, not only on the plate, but in his own mind. The real injury to intellect is not done in the editorial sanctum. It is done in the mind of the writer who himself attempts to cater to the prejudice of others. A man rewrites a scene in a story to please a public. In order to do this he is obliged to forget what his story was about. He is talking by rote; he is making an imitation. Does this seem a small thing? Let any one do it once and see where it leads him. The attitude of the whole human being towards his whole life is changed by the experience. Do it twice, and you can hardly shake off the practice. Write and publish six editorials for the *Universalist* and then sit down to write one not in the style of the *Universalist*. You will find it practically an impossibility.

The notable lack in our literature is this: the prickles and irregularities of personal feeling have been pumice-stoned away. It is too smooth. There is an absence of individuality, of private opinion. This is the same lack that curses our politics, the absence of private opinion. The sacrifice in political life is honesty, in literary life, is intellect; but the closer you examine honesty and intellect the more clearly they appear to be the same thing. Suppose that a judge, in order to please a Boss, awards Parson Jones's cow to Deacon Brown, does he boldly admit this even to himself? Never. He writes an able opinion in which he befogs his intelligence and convinces himself that he has arrived at his award by logical steps. In like manner the revising

editor who reads with the eyes of the farmer's daughter begins to lose his own. He is extinguishing some sparks of instructive reality which would offend—and benefit—the farmer's daughter and, he is obliterating a part of his own mind with every stroke of his blue pencil. He is devitalizing literature by erasing personality. He does this in the money interests of a syndicate; but the debasing effect upon character is the same as if it were done at the dictate of the German Emperor. The harm done in either case is intellectual.

Take another example. A reporter writes up a public meeting, but colors it with the creed of his journal. Can he do this acceptably without abjuring his own senses? He is competing with men whose every energy is bent on seeing the occasion as the newspaper wishes it seen. Consider the immense difficulty of telling the truth on the witness stand, and judge whether good reporting is easy. The newspaper trade as now conducted is prostitution. It mows down the boys as they come from the colleges. It defaces the very desire for truth, and leaves them without a principle to set a clock by. They grow to disbelieve in the reality of ideas. But these are our future literati, our poets and essayists, our historians and publicists.

The experts who sit in the offices of the journals of the country have so long used their minds as commercial instruments that it never occurs to them to publish or not publish anything according to their personal views. They do not know that every time they subserve prejudice they are ruining intellect. If there were an editor who had any suspicion of the way the world is put together he would respect talent as he respects honor. It would be impossible for him to make his living by this traffic. If he knew what he was doing he would prefer penury.

These men, then, have not the least idea of the function they fulfil. No more has the agent of the insurance company who corrupts a legislator. The difference in degree between the two iniquities is enormous, because one belongs to that region in the scale of morality which is completely understood, and the other does not. We do not excuse the insurance agent; we will not allow him to plead ignorance. He commits a penal offence. We will not allow selfishness to trade upon selfishness and steal from the public in this form. But what law can protect the public interest in the higher faculties? What statute can enforce artistic truth?

We actually forbid a man by statute to sell his vote, because a vote is understood to be an opinion, a thing dependent on rational and moral considerations. You cannot buy or sell it without turning it into something else. The exercise of that infinitesimal fraction of public power represented by one man's vote is hedged about with penalties; because the logic of practical government has forced us to see its importance. But the harm done to a community by the sale of a vote does not follow by virtue of the statute, but by virtue of a law of influence of which the statute is the recognition. The same law governs the sale of any opinion, whether it be conveyed in a book review

or in a political speech, in a picture of life and manners, a poem, a novel, or an etching. There is no department of life in which you can lie for private gain without doing harm. The grosser forms of it give us the key to the subtler ones, and the jail becomes the symbol of that condition into which the violation of truth will shut any mind.

So far as any man comes directly in contact with the agencies of organized literature, let him remember that his mind is at stake. They can change but you cannot change them, except by changing the public they reflect. The faculties of man are as strong as steel if properly used, but they are like the down on a peach if improperly used. What shall a man take in exchange for his soul? No man has the privilege upon this earth of being more than one person. In this matter of expression it is the last ten per cent. of accuracy that saves or sells you. Talent evaporates as easily as a delegate holds his tongue or a lawyer smiles to a rich man; and the injury is irremediable. Let a man not alter a line or cut a paragraph at the suggestion of an editor. Those are the very words that are valuable. "Ah," you say, "but I need criticism." Then go to a critic. Consult the man who is farthest away from this influence, some one who cannot read the magazines, some one who does not have to read them. Your public, when you get one, will qualify the general public, but you must reach it as a whole man. The writer's course is easy compared to that of the reform politician, because printing is cheap. He will get heard immediately. He covers the whole of the United States while the other is canvassing a ward. Literary self-assertion is as much needed as any of the virtue we pray for in politics. A resonant and unvexed independence makes a man's words stir the fibres in other men; and it matters little whether you label his works literature or politics.

The difficulty in any revolt against custom, the struggle a man has in getting his mind free from the cobwebs of restraint, always turns out to involve financial distress, and this holds true of the writer's attempt to override the senseless restrictions of the press. The magazines pay handsomely, and pay at once. A writer must earn his bread; a man must support his family. We accept this necessity with such a hearty concurrence and the necessity itself becomes so sacred, that it seems to imply an answer to all ethical and artistic questions. We almost think that nature will connive at malpractice done in so good a cause as the support of a family. The subject must be looked at more narrowly. The spur of poverty is popularly regarded not only as an excuse for all bad work, but as a prerequisite to all good work. There is a misconception in this wholesale approbation of a partial truth. The economic laws are valuable and suggestive, but they are founded on the belief that a man will pursue his own business interests. This is never entirely and exclusively true even in trade, and the doctrines of the economists become more and more misleading when applied to fields of life where the money motive becomes incidental. The law of supply and demand does not govern the production of sonnets.

Let us lay aside theory and observe the effects of want upon the artist and his work.

As a stimulus to the whole man, a prod to get him into action, and keep him at the work, the spur of poverty is a blessing. But if it enter into the detail of his attention while he is at work, it is damnation.

A man at work is like a string that is vibrating. Touch it with a feather and it is numb. A singer will sing flat if he sees a friend in the audience. Even a trained and cold-blooded lawyer who is trying a case will not be at his best if he is watched by some one whom he wants to impress.

The artist is the easiest of all men to upset. He is dealing with subtle and fluid things—memories, allusions, associations. It is all gossamer and sunlight when he begins. It is to be gossamer and sunlight when he has finished. But in the interim it is bricks and mortar, rubble and white lead. And the writer—I do not say that he must be more free from cares than the next man, but he must not let into the mint and forge of his thought some immaterial and petty fact about himself, for this will make him self-conscious. Consider how ingenuous, how unexpected, how natural, is good conversation. At one moment you have nothing to say, at the next a vista of ideas has opened. They come crowding in and the telling of them reveals new vistas. It is the same with the writer. In the process of writing, the story is made. There is really nothing to say or do in the world until you make your start, and then the significance begins to steam out of the materials. And here in the act and heat of creation, to have the cold fear thrust in, "I cannot use that phrase because the editor will think it too strong," is enough to chill the brain of Rabelais. Human nature cannot stand such handling. Do this to a man and you break his spirit. He becomes tame, calculating, and ingenuous. His powers are frozen.

It is impossible not to see in contemporary journalism a slaughterhouse for mind. Here we have a great whale that browses on the young and eats them by thousands. This is the seamy side of popular education. The low level of the class at the dame's school keeps the bright boys back and makes dunces of them.

We have been dealing in all this matter with one of the deepest facts of life, to wit, the influence that society at large has in cutting down and narrowing the development of the individual. The newspaper business displays the whole operation very vividly; but we may see the same thing happening in the other walks of life. There arrives a time in the career of most men when their powers become fixed. Men seem to expand to definite shapes like those Japanese cuttings that open out into flowers and plants when you drop them into warm water. After reaching his saturation-point each man fills his niche in society and changes little. He goes on doing whatever he was engaged upon at the time he touched his limit.

We almost believe that every man has his predestinate size and

shape, and that some obscure law of growth arrests one man at thirty and the next at forty years of age. This is partly true; but the law is not obscure. It is not because the men stop growing that they repeat themselves, but they stop growing because they repeat themselves. They cease to experiment; they cease to search. The lawyer adopts routine methods. The painter follows up his success with an imitation of his success, the writer finds a recipe for style or plot. Every one saves himself the trouble of re-examining the contents of his own mind. He has the best possible reason for doing this. The public will not pay for his experiments as well as it will for his routine work. But the laws of nature are deaf to his reasons. Research is the price of intellectual growth. If you face the problems of life freshly and squarely each morning, you march. If you accept any solution as good enough, you drop.

For there is no finality and ending-place to intellect. Examine any bit of politics, any law case or domestic complication, until you understand your own reasons for feeling as you do about it. Then write the matter down carefully and conclusively and you will find that you have done no more than restate the problem in a new form. The more complete your exposition the more loudly it calls for new solution. The masterly analysis of Tolstoi, his accurate explanations, his diagnosis and dissection of human life, leave us with a picture of society that for unsolved mystery competes with the original. But the point lies here. You must lay bare your whole soul in the statement you make. You must resolutely set down everything that touches the matter. Until you do this, the question refuses to assume its next shape. You cannot flinch and qualify in your first book, and speak plainly in your second.

It is the act of utterance that draws out the powers in a man and makes him a master of his own mind. Without the actual experience of writing "*Lohengrin*" Wagner could not have discovered "*Parcifal*." The works of men who are great enough to get their whole thought uttered at each deliverance form a progression like the deductions of a mathematician. These men are never satisfied with a past accomplishment. Their eyes are on questions that beckon to them from the horizon. Their faculties are replenished with new energy because they seek. They are driving their ploughs through a sea of thoughts, intent, unresting, resourceful, creative. They are discoverers, and just to the extent that lesser men are worth anything they are discoverers, too.

Beauty and elevation flash from the currents set up by intense speculation. Beauty is not the aim of the writer. His aim must be truth. But beauty and elevation are something that shines out of him while he is on the quest. His mind is on the problem, and as he unravels it and displays it, he communicates his own spirit, as it were incidentally, as it were unwittingly, and this is the part that goes out from him and does his work in the world.

Stage Notes—No. I

BY CLARA MORRIS

How often we hear people say, "Oh, that 's only a play!" or, "That could only happen in a play!" yet it is surprising how often actors receive proof positive that their plays are reflecting happenings in real life.

When Mr. Daly had "Article 47" on at the Fifth Avenue, for instance, the key-note of the play was the insanity of the heroine. In the second and most important act, before her madness has been openly proclaimed, it had to be indicated simply by manner, tone, and gesture; and the one action of drawing the knee up into her clasping arms, and then swaying the body mechanically from side to side, while muttering rapidly to herself, thrilled the audience with the conviction of her affliction more subtly than words could have done.

One night when that act was on, I had just begun to sway from side to side, when from the auditorium there arose one long, long, agonizing wail, and that wail was followed by the heavy falling of a woman's body from her chair into the centre aisle.

In an instant, all was confusion. Every one sprang to his feet; even the musicians who were playing some creepy incidental music—as was the fashion then—stopped and half rose from their places. It was a dreadful moment! Somehow I kept a desperate hold upon my strained and startled nerves, and swayed on from side to side.

Mr. Stoepel, the leader, glanced at me. I caught his eye, and said quick and low, "Play—play!"

He understood, but instead of simply resuming where he had left off, from force of habit he first gave the leader's usual three sharp taps with his bow upon his music-desk, and then—so queer a thing is an audience—those people, brought to their feet in an agony of terror of fire, panic, and sudden death by a woman's cry—now at that familiar tap—tap—tap, broke here and there into laughter by sixes and sevens. Then by tens and twenties they sheepishly seated themselves, only turning their heads with pitying looks, while the ushers removed the unconscious woman.

When the act was over, Mr. Daly, a man of few words on such occasions, held my hands hard for a moment, and said, "Good girl—good girl!" and I remarked, pleased but deprecating, "It was the music, sir, that quieted them." To which he made answer, "And it was you who ordered the music!" Verily, no single word could be spoken on his stage without his knowledge.

Later that evening we learned that the lady who had cried out had been brought to the theatre by friends who hoped to cheer her up—Heaven save the mark!—and help her to forget her dreadful and recent experience of placing her own mother in an insane asylum. We learned, too, that her very first suspicion of that poor mother's condition had come from finding her one morning, sitting up in bed, her

arms embracing her knees, while she swayed from side to side unceasingly, muttering low and fast all the time.

Poor lady, no wonder her worn nerves gave way, when all unexpectedly that dread scene was reproduced before her, and, worse still, before the staring public !

Mr. Charles Matthews, the veteran English comedian, came over to act at Mr. Daly's. His was a graceful, polished, volatile style of acting, and he had a high opinion of his power as a maker of fun; so that he was considerably annoyed one night when he discovered that one of his auditors would not laugh. Laugh?—would not even smile at his efforts. Mr. Matthews, who was past seventy, was nervous, excitable, and—well, just a wee bit "cranky"; and when the play was about half over, he came "off," angrily talking to himself, and ran against Mr. Lewis and me, who were just about to "go on." "Look here!" he exclaimed, taking from his vest pocket a broad English gold piece and holding it out on his hand. "Look here!" he added, pointing out a gentleman seated in the box opposite. "Do you see that stupid dolt over there? Well, I've toiled over him till I sweat like a harvest-hand, and laugh he won't—smile he won't!"

I remarked musingly, "He looks like a graven image." And Lewis suggested cheerfully, "Perhaps he is one."

"No!" groaned the unfortunate star, "I'm afraid not. I'm—I'm almost certain I saw him move once. But look here. Now, you're a deucedly funny pair. Just turn yourselves loose in this scene. I'll protect you from Daly. Do anything you like, and the one who makes that wooden man laugh, wins this gold piece."

It was not the gold piece that tempted us to our fall, but the hope of succeeding where the star had failed. I seized a moment in which to notify old man Davidge of what was going on, as he had a prominent part in the coming scene, and then we were on the stage.

The play was "The Critic," the scene a burlesque rehearsal of an old-time melodrama. Our opportunities were great, and Heaven knows we missed none of them. New York audiences are quick, and in less than three minutes they knew the actors had taken the bit between their teeth and were off on a mad race of fun. Everything seemed to "go." We three knew one another well, each would see another's idea and catch it, with the certainty of a boy catching a ball. The audience roared with laughter; the carpenters and scene-shifters, against the rule of the theatre, crowded into the entrances with answering laughter; but the man in the box gave no sign.

Worse and worse we went on. Mr. Daly, white with anger, came behind the scenes, gasping out, "Are they utterly mad?" to the little Frenchman,—whom he had made prompter because he could not speak English well enough to prompt us,—who, frantically pulling his hair, cried, "Oui! oui! zey are all mad—mad like ze dog in ze summertime!"

Mr. Daly stamped his feet and cleared his throat to attract our attention; but trusting to Mr. Matthews's protection we grinned cheerfully at him and continued on our downward path. At last we reached the "climax," and suddenly I heard Mr. Matthews say, "She 's got him—look!—I think she 's won!"

I could not help it—I turned my head to see if the "graven image" could really laugh. Yes, he was moving! his face wore some faint expression,—but—but—he was turning slowly to the laughing audience, and the expression on his face was one of faint wonder!

Matthews groaned aloud; the curtain fell, and Daly was upon us! Matthews said the cause of the whole business was that man in the box. Upon this Mr. Daly angrily declared, "The man in the box could have had nothing to do with the affair, since he is deaf and dumb, and has been so all his life!"

I remember sitting down very hard and very suddenly. I remember Davidge, who was an Englishman, "blasting" a good many things under his breath, and then Mr. Matthews exclaiming with wonder that he had been playing for years in a farce where this very scene was enacted, the whole play consisting in the actors' efforts to win the probation of a man who was a deaf-mute. So once more a play was found to reflect a situation in real life.

"Curses not Loud but Deep"

"Curses not loud but deep"
I growl, in anguish bowed,
When "poets" chant with fearsome sweep
Verses—not deep but loud!

Verses not deep but loud
They print, nor silence keep,
And wring from men with sense endowed
"Curses not loud but deep."

F. K.





Hospitality

ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

My house is set in trim,
My dwelling-place is fair,
And odors of the woodland dim
Creep up my little stair.

The knocker now is hid
Behind a myrtle wreath,
"To enter all good folk are bid,"
Is bravely writ beneath.

My floor with fold on fold
Of weft from out the East,
Shall not seem hard to him nor cold
Who comes in to the feast.

And willing hands have filled
The larder and the bin,—
A driftwood fire we two shall build
Come in, my friend, come in.

Simple our cheer may be,
Yet many a king shall dine
On lowlier, lonelier fare than we
O'er friendship's bread and wine.

Careless of hours we 'll sit,
Telling old tales the while,—
For savor we shall have your wit,
And for our light your smile.

My books shall lead us then,
After the meal is done,
Farther than seas of mortal ken,
And faster than the sun.

Under Arabia's sky,
We 'll read the Prophet's scroll,
"Thou hast two loaves, sell one and buy
Jacinths to feed thy soul."

When cherry blossoms fall
Late in Provençal spring,
We 'll wait by Laura's garden wall
To hear Petrarco sing.

In Arden's wooded deeps
Where truant fancies lead,
We 'll watch Orlando while he keeps
His tryst with Ganymede.

Through Suckling's roguish eye,
We 'll see, by Thames his tide,
The merry wedding guests go by,
And long to kiss the bride.

But why our course confine
To mundane trips like these ?
We 'll mount where Mars and Mira shine
Or sail to Betelguese.

And light as music floats,
We 'll take our homeward way,
Before the throbbing feathered throats
Sing up another day.

Then come, my friend, forget
The cares that make one thin ;
Behold in state your arm-chair set,
Come in, my friend, come in !



The Early Polish Drama

(Concluded)

BY HELENA MODJESKA

Another private theatre, owned and directed by Princess Sulkovski, had a more serious importance because from its company started the organization of the first regular national theatre. The latter sprang into life in the second half of the eighteenth century, under the direction of Boguslawski, whom we call the father of the Polish stage, and under the auspices of King Stanislas Poniatowski. The definite establishment of the Polish theatre was contemporaneous with a great awakening of our literary life. During the end of the last century and up to 1830 the classic school held its sway both over drama and other literature. The decade of 1830 to 1840 witnessed the birth of the romantic era, to which we owe our greatest poets and playwrights. The most prominent of the latter, Ian Fredro, stands half way between the classic and romantic schools. He is probably the only author who can claim to be the genuine successor of Molière, though in many ways he is more modern. The whole nineteenth century did not produce better character comedy than the works of Fredro.

It is not my intention to speak here of the present state of the Polish stage. There is no space for it, as the history of its development would require volumes. My only object is to give a few instances of its quaint beginning. In order to be true to my plan I beg to add at the conclusion a few words about the present remnants of the old religious plays. During the festivities of Christmas and of Easter they may still be witnessed occasionally. Those which relate to the Nativity are known with us by the name of "Shopka," meaning the stable in which our Lord was born. In old times they were performed by students of the universities and of the high schools. At the present time they are produced in some old corners by villagers, but most frequently they are presented by the help of marionettes, with two or three interlocutors concealed behind the portable stage. Young boys go from house to house with them on Christmas Eve. They have preserved the text of the old Dialogues dating as far back as the twelfth or thirteenth century, but, of course, new features and new allusions are introduced continually. Here are a few of the passages.

In the introduction King Herod appears on his throne ; the general of his army approaches :

" Most serene King, I bring you great news :
A new King is born in Bethlehem."

Herod : " First must the sun rise in the West
Before a new King sits on my throne;
Call in the soldiers. [Two soldiers enter.]
My good friends and soldiers,
Put on your armor and your swords,
Speed to Bethlehem,

Cut down all the small children,
Even my own son if you find him there."

The general and soldiers promise obedience, and they speed so well that after a minute the general returns with a child's head on his sword.

General : " Oh, mighty King, bad news for you:
I bring you the head of your royal son!"

This fatal information prostrates King Herod, and he begins to sing to a most melancholy tune: " Oh woe to me, woe to my royal self ! " and goes on in that way for a long time. After his song is over, enters Death with a scythe in her hand and rattles on with great volubility :

" How do you do, King Herod ? I could n't find you at home ;
I have been running after you all over the world ;
I am almost *dead* with cold and fatigue."

Herod begins to remonstrate with her in a very submissive tone and begs for a short reprieve; he tries to bribe Death with offers of presents and high offices.

Death : " No more of your arguments, King Herod,
In vain thou pleadest for thy life ;
My reign is absolute over all ;
I do not care for monarchs and potentates,
And least for such paltry kinglets as you ;
My decrees are irrevocable.
Then throw yourself at my feet
And I 'll relieve you of your head."

There are many variations of this last speech. Death makes occasionally all kinds of reproaches to Herod; amongst others she tells him:

" It is thy fault that Poland is so unhappy!"

At the last moment, however, when Death is on the point of decapitating Herod, enters the Devil with horns on his head, black hair and beard, a remarkably red tongue protruding from his mouth, attired in a black short coat and breeches, and with a long tail and a whip in his hand. His movements and speech are very quick.

The Devil (to Death) : " Oh thou dry and withered mummy,
Hardly thou hast escaped my hands,
And here thou art after my master
Whom I served so many years!"

Here the Devil releases Herod from Death's grasp. He clasps his hands in joy, dances and jumps about, takes snuff and offers some to the King; at last he seizes the King and disappears with him—supposedly to the lowest regions. In old times after the play was over, it was the Devil who passed around the hat to collect the money.

I did not see personally any of the Easter performances, but I have come across the manuscript of one of very ancient date, evidently intended to be performed by villagers. The most interesting part is the introduction containing instructions about stage business,

" This history can be produced during the Paschal times, either in church or in the churchyard. If in the latter, build a shed or make a roof of branches, for shelter from the rain. If proper costumes cannot be procured, you may make dresses from women's skirts or shawls, wigs and beards of flax, only beware lest they catch fire. The performance will begin with singing some popular song. After that a young man will come forth with a wreath on his head and palm branches in his hand, and bow in every direction, scraping his feet. He will then recite the prologue and conclude in this way: ' You will see here a comedy, as it is performed in the large cities, but if anything is omitted, changed, or added to this holy act, do not blame us. ' "

In the first act Annas and Caiaphas visit Pilatus in a tent made of canvas (if there is no canvas, let it be made of brush).

The soldiers keeping watch over the grave shall sing that old song, " Be watchful, be watchful, don't fall asleep, lest you be put to jail. "

When Maria Jacobi buys salves from the druggist, she may pay him in brass chips instead of money (if brass chips cannot be had, she may use little rounds cut out from a carrot, but let her be very cautious when she takes them out from her basket, so as to avoid laughter amongst the lookers on. Also Mary Magdalena may use rounds neatly carved from turnips instead of silver pieces.

In the dialogue Pilatus is addressed by the Jews as His Excellency or Palatine.

In the lower regions the devils speaking to Lucifer call him always " Dearest Father. " A very curious conversation takes place between Cerberus and Lucifer on the occasion of our Lord's descent to hell.

Cerberus : " An unexpected guest comes to visit us.
It is Jesus of Nazareth.
In his hand he holds a red flag with a cross. "

Lucifer : " This is bad news, friend Cerberus;
He may take off my best subjects.
What a shame if we lose all our prophets,
Our kings, lords, and high priests! "

Cerberus : " Indeed, they already are in an uproar;
And though they are far from uncomfortable,
They begin to assume great airs.
I dare say they feel the Saviour.
But the worst of all is old Adam,
Who hitherto was so humble.
It would be well to give him a lesson—
To treat him to an extra gallon of tar. "

Adam : " Drink it yourself, you monster! "

These so-called religious dialogues were very numerous, referring to divers episodes of the holy Scriptures, and also to incidents in the lives of the saints—usually performed at their respective holidays. Sometimes they contained passages of genuine poetic value, more frequently they were interspersed with coarse humor and full of actualities, but almost without exception they all are impregnated with sublime *naïveté*, exceedingly refreshing in these days of *fin-de-siècle* literature.

English Literature of the Nineteenth Century: A Retrospect

I. The Romantic Movement

BY LEWIS E. GATES

SOME one has cleverly said that centuries like magazines come out before their dates. Doubtless, the nineteenth century really began in 1789, when the shock of the French Revolution went crisping over the nerves of the nations of Europe, stirred all men to novel thoughts and new moods, and startled them into fresh ways of envisaging life. Yet if one wants a literary, instead of a political, date for the beginning of the new era, the year 1800 is itself curiously apt; for in that year appeared Wordsworth's Preface to the "Lyrical Ballads," which as truly though not so consciously as Hugo's Preface to "Cromwell" nearly thirty years later, was the manifesto of a new movement in literature. Wrong-headed as was Wordsworth's declaration that the Muse ought to speak with the burr of Cumberland peasants, and absurd as was the tangle of inconsistencies into which his acceptance of metre and his rejection of all other differences between prose and poetry betrayed him, yet even these parts of his Preface, because of their plea for veraciousness in poetry and their insistence on poetry as the *natural* idiom for deep feeling, were essentially modern and were on the whole salutary in their influence; and as for the rest of the Preface, it stated doctrine after doctrine about the nature of poetry and the relations of poetry to life that for a quarter of a century the new age went on working out and illustrating, often, of course, in the persons of poets who were quite unaware of Wordsworth's programme. Poetry was no longer to be thought of as an ingenious stringing together of moral epigrams by clever craftsmen; it was to be the "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." The old doctrine that a poem gets its worth from the dignity of its subject was condemned; the poet's moods were to be the measure of all things; any subject from a primrose or a Cumberland beggar to man's longing for immortality might be wrought into a poem, providing it stirred the poet's heart sincerely and deeply. Above all, poetry was not to be regarded as a mere graceful pastime; it was to be reverenced as the one mode of utterance for the most intimate truths about man and nature that the human spirit can reach; it was to be exalted as "the first and last of all knowledge . . . immortal as the heart of man."

One could hardly ask for a better account of the new spirit in literature—of the spirit that was to inform the best poetry and prose during the next twenty-five years—than Wordsworth's Preface offers. It specifies or suggests pretty much all the aspects of the complete renovation of literature which the new age was to accomplish, and nearly all the varieties of new spiritual experience which the men of the new dispensation were to win and interpret. In one of his Letters

Keats sums up life as a *soul-making* process. "Call the world if you please," he says, "'The Vale of Soul-Making.'" This may well stand as the legend of the Romanticists. They were the rediscoverers of the soul; or, if one prefers the word that M. Péliéssier uses in describing the similar movement in France, they were reasserters of the primacy of the spirit. Under this formula may be brought whatever is most characteristic alike in the poetry of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, and in the prose of Hazlitt, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and De Quincey.

To speak of Scott's poems and romances as having spiritual quality may seem fantastic. Jenny Lind used to say querulously of Scott that he did no good to her soul; and Peacock's favorite jeer at the Wizard of the North was that he was merely a gigantic master of pantomime and harlequinade, no end clever in engineering showy spectacles and in decking out mock pageants in tinsel and stage-fineness, but a bungler in all that concerns the mind and the heart. Yet despite such jeers as these, it may safely be asserted that the influence of Scott's writings was in large measure a spiritual influence. (Scott quickened and fostered in the race a new spiritual sense—the sense for its historical past; he deepened and widened the national consciousness and made it include not merely its own passing phases, but also the earlier stages of thought and of feeling, of custom, of belief and of worship through which in the Middle Ages it had worked its way. His Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert and Richard Cœur de Lion and Quentin Durward may not have been either very minutely or very accurately realized; yet their hopes and their longings and their hates and their struggles, their passions of pursuit and repulsion were with some degree of faithfulness captured and portrayed and were thus brought within the sympathetic appreciation of the men of the early nineteenth century; and the various social forces of feudalism—these, too, with their rhythms of aspiration and achievement, were imaginatively reproduced and a vital sense of them was conveyed into the minds and the hearts of the new generation. This meant the enrichment and the deepening of consciousness, the infusion into it of new color, new variety, new elements of feeling, new sources of delight. The eighteenth-century consciousness had been but a shallow affair. It had contented itself in its typical state with such ideas and feelings as a man of the world might need at an assembly so as to chatter about the foibles or follies of the town, or in a council-chamber for the analysis of court-intrigue or political manœuvring, or with such conceptions as at the utmost an abstract thinker might in his closet discover and tabulate,—reasoning on prosaic experience with the help of mathematics and logic. The good folk of the eighteenth century were, above all, people of intellect who prided themselves on their rationality, who despised the insensate enthusiasm and the fatuous superstitions that the Middle Ages had revelled in, and who did their best to forget the Gothic absurdities of those Don-Quixote-like ancestors of theirs whose imaginations, as Swift put it, were perpetually astride on their

reasons. (The eighteenth century boasted of being an age of quite novel refinement and enlightenment: it purged itself of old prejudice, old beliefs, old passions; it concentrated itself on common-sense tasks both in practical life and in the life of the intellect; it scorned in actual life whatever could not be made to tally with its own somewhat ironical social instincts and in intellectual life whatever defied the rule of three or the syllogism. Hence the beautiful clearness and also the impoverished simplicity of the experience of this century and of its literature. Against the shallowness of this purely intellectual and conventional life a mighty reaction began in the last half of the century, and Scott's work was one phase of the culmination of this reaction. Scott himself, it is true, had no new insight into what are technically called spiritual problems. He was no transcendentalist or "ideal-blind" enthusiast; he offered nothing either in his poems or in his romances that could directly help his readers into a surer relation towards the mysterious powers of the spiritual world. (But his influence tended, with a decisiveness that we now find it hard to realize, to break down the bounds of the old-time, narrow, conventional, and purely intellectual world in which the witty men of the eighteenth century had lived and had tried to believe they were thriving. He touched the men of his day into a vital sense of kinship with the men of the Middle Ages—with the men of those "ages of faith" wherein life was lived passionately and imaginatively under haunted heavens. And so he gave to his readers both a new belief in their hearts and imaginations and a great mass of new feelings and new sympathies. He made a potential gift to each of his readers of an individual past of a thousand years of intense living.)

Scott's vogue as a poet yielded to that of Byron, and in Byron's verse the revolt against the commonplace, that in Scott had been only implicit, became fiercely aggressive. In the interests of individual freedom Byron quarrelled with life in a twofold way; he assailed conventional prejudice that held in check free play of feeling and action, and that tried to compel every respectable person to form himself on an eighteenth-century traditional pattern of rational correctness; and he went still farther and arraigned the whole scheme of the universe for not conspiring to minister obediently to the needs of his craving egoism. If Scott had been chiefly decorative Byron was above all things ethical, and his enormous popularity was due to the audacious moral challenge of his verse. He had the declamatory eloquence of the hustings which an English public readily understands; and as he harangued in somewhat garish rhetoric on "custom's falsest scale," on "the fire and motion of the soul," described ornately the splendid carnal orgies of his Oriental heroes, and above all hinted darkly at his own mischances and misdeeds and hymned in triumphant rhythms his own despair, all England, from old maiden ladies who read and shrieked and read again, to the dandies and macaronis at the clubs, felt that the spirit of the hour had spoken and had uttered what every one was

burning to listen to. Here, at last, was that passion the false semblance of which they had cheated themselves with in Monk Lewis and Kotzebue; passion as real and fierce as anything of which the Middle Ages could boast, yet mightily modern and with a distinguished pessimistic note that was new in this Western world. Open neck-cloths became the only wear. People of fashion dared to look beyond the drawing-room and the coffee-house and the club and to realize that they were perhaps something more than exquisitely fashioned social automata. Byron gave aristocratic sanction to the rebel heart.

Intense, passionate personal experience of all kinds—this was Byron's ideal. The experience was to be won for the most part through action; Byron was not subtle and did not anticipate the modern dilettante's refined methods of savoring life at second hand and enriching one's spirit imaginatively and by proxy. Life meant to him the play of a fiercely egoistic will in the search for self-realization. Through adventure, through travel, through intrigue, through love, the craving of the individual for overwhelmingly vivid emotion was perpetually to be gratified. In eighteenth-century literature, only emotions had been expressed and sanctioned such as men could share in common,—such as made for the safety of a conventionally wrought social organism. In Byron the individual came to his rights with a vengeance, and indeed came to more than his rights. Byron once for all opened a career for talent in the matter of emotion: every man was to feel as richly and intensely as the gods had given him power to feel. The needs of his own heart, not the needs of the social organism, were to be the test of the fitness of his feeling. "Custom's scale" was false; and conventional society was through and through made what it was by misleading traditions and prescriptions. From all these the individual should turn away and should turn towards Nature. Individual passion was working out for itself a new destiny; and conventional society had to come in for much random abuse as well as for quite justifiable criticism and invective.

✓ What Wordsworth did for the spiritual regeneration of the century has become, of course, a very familiar story. In point of fact, however, Wordsworth's influence made itself felt at the start with surprising slowness. He had been publishing his earliest poems while Byron was still trundling hoop and quarrelling with his nurse, and the first edition of the "Lyrical Ballads" had appeared when Byron was only ten years old. Yet not till 1829—so Lord Houghton notes—did Wordsworth—five years after Byron's death—begin to supplant the poet of "Childe Harold" and the "Giaour" in the favor of University youth. Wordsworth was essentially the most conservative of the Romanticists; and for that reason his vogue came more slowly, and for that reason, too, his influence has been farther-reaching and more permanent. Like all the Romanticists Wordsworth was anti-conventional; but, unlike so many of them, he was never for a moment essentially anti-social.

Wordsworth's anti-conventionalism showed itself in many ways and forms. He contemned "the world" with a spiritual scorn that was in its own fashion as withering as Byron's cynical satire in "Don Juan." His hatred of conventional life utters itself alike in his poetry and in his correspondence. In "Tintern Abbey" he bewails the unloveliness of ordinary human intercourse and grieves over the "rash judgments," "the sneers of selfish men," the "greetings where no kindness is," which make up so large a part of it. In one of his letters, he describes the round of idleness and frivolity in which the frequenter of routs and assemblies spends his time, and asserts that the man who leads such an existence can have no insight into poetry. Wordsworth loathed the artificial life of the town and he never would have consented to accept, as M. Sully-Prudhomme in "La Justice" accepts, the modern city as being the treasure-house and the symbol of the best that the human race has wrought out for itself. At times, it almost seems as if Wordsworth would have liked to have all men and women take to the woods. Moreover, Wordsworth's romantic anti-conventionalism shows itself not only in his attacks on the world, but in the positive parts of his moral doctrine. He was bent on regenerating the individual human being, on transforming him in many ways, on wakening in him manifold new instincts, new feelings, new passions, and new aspirations, on making him over almost as radically, so it sometimes seems, as even Byron wished.

Yet despite all his hatred of old artificial conventions and despite all his desire to bring new tracts of experience within reach of the individual, Wordsworth was not for a moment anti-social. In all his tinkering with the human type, he regarded the complex of moral affections that had been traditionally approved in English life as sacrosanct. The love of husband for wife, and of parents for children, all the domestic sanctities, the veneration of the Christian for the Church, and the allegiance of the citizen to the state and of the common man to all the squirearchical powers above him — these Wordsworth revered as the essential elements of individual worth; he had no Shelleyan mission to manufacture a totally new brand of human nature, no cynical Byronic rage for destruction for its own delightful sake.

Wherein then consisted Wordsworth's regenerating influence, — the indubitable renovation of the spirit that his poetry wrought and was meant to effect? This influence came in a twofold way. The old affections and instincts received through Wordsworth's imaginative treatment of them a special new virtue; and they were also supplemented and re-enforced by new masses of delicate and tender and ennobling emotion that Wordsworth was the first to experience, to express with imaginative power, and to infect others with.

Through his transcendentalism Wordsworth gave a new meaning not simply to Physical Nature but to Human Nature as well. Securely convinced as he was of the existence of an Infinite Spiritual Power that revealed itself in the conscience of man and also ministered to him

through the splendor and beauty of Nature,—embracing the individual on all sides with caressing and sustaining symbolism,—Wordsworth believed, further, that the humblest of human creatures, by yielding himself obediently to the influence of this Power and fulfilling its mandates, could reach true dignity and grandeur. Every one knows Wordsworth's transfigured Leech-gatherer. He and his transfiguration are examples of the kind of redemption that Wordsworth sought to work throughout the range of common life. He aimed to simplify and intensify life,—to emphasize the primal affections and instincts and duties, to give them new grace and glory by a spiritual sanction, and to confer on the most ordinary offices of life a certain mystical beauty through portraying them as watched by Nature with a kind of conspiring approval.

But Wordsworth did not simply work transformingly upon the primal elements of human nature; he gave to his fellows what was almost a new spiritual sense; he waked in them a new delicate instinct for beauty; he stirred in them new forms of imaginative sympathy. Often he gets the credit of having invented Nature; and in very truth the peculiar modern feeling that nature and man are close of kin and speak a common tongue first comes into English poetry through Wordsworth. His transcendentalism changed nature into a living spiritual presence, thrillingly responsive to man's spiritual moods and needs. The brazen heavens that had weighed over the eighteenth century became "the soft blue sky" that "melts into the heart." The "horrid rocks" that had daunted the men of the eighteenth century, or that had at most stirred them to rhetorical admiration as before cleverly wrought stage-scenery, became the haunted abode of "the sleep that is among the lonely hills." Everywhere in nature Wordsworth found spirit waiting for recognition—gracious meanings exquisitely involved in the meshes of beautiful colors and sounds, in the flight of the lark, in the dancing of daffodils, in the trumpets of the cataract; man's own spirit, in sublimated form, divinely smiling out from behind the apparently fortuitous play of the atoms. Everywhere he discovered, as Shelley said of him half-mockingly, "a soul in sense." And this fine spiritual irritability in the presence of Nature was a permanent gift of his to the English temperament. Many later poets have felt and interpreted the symbolic challenge of Nature more subtly, but none more nobly and pervasively.

And so one might go through the other Romantic poets and trace out by analysis the æsthetic and ethical winnowings they garnered, the new kinds of spiritual experience and the new modes of bliss and of woe that they opened for their fellows. Keats is perhaps the least easily brought under the Romantic formula; yet indubitably he belongs there, despite the common talk about his Hellenism. There was never a greater master of "natural magic" than the poet of "La Belle Dame sans Merci." "A *wild* and harmonized tune" it was that his "spirit," as he himself says of "Endymion," "struck from all the

beautiful." The beauty that he created is an iridescent beauty, pulsingly indistinct in its outlines, shimmering with elusive suggestions, not the firm, plastic beauty of Pagan art. In Keats the senses, so pitifully neglected by the eighteenth century, which looked, as Dr. Johnson said, "for large appearances" and rarely wrote with the eye on the object, came once more into luxurious possession of the world. If Wordsworth found a soul in sense, Keats found senses in the soul. More nearly, perhaps, than any other poet except Dante Gabriel Rossetti he exorcised the Demon of the Abstract from the world of poetry. He could not even measure empty distance or blank time without striking into life images of beauty.

Moreover, in Keats's poetry the division between the Romantic world of dreams and the actual world of every-day fact is marked even more clearly than it is in other Romantic poetry of the time. Wordsworth and Byron, for example, both rebelled against the tyranny of the actual; but their awateness of the life they protested against shows itself through the intensity or the fierceness of their criticisms upon it. Keats for the most part serenely disregards conventional life and all its concerns and customs. There are, to be sure, in "Endymion" two passages where he fantastically breaks into outspoken scorn of the base interests and false standards that rule in the practical world. At the opening of Book III., he describes the grotesque enthusiasm with which worldlings run after their "tip-top nothings" and celebrate their mistaken triumphs. And at the beginning of Book II. he cries out against History because of its black devotion to the details of politics and war. History is but a "swart planet in the universe of deeds." For the rest, Keats hardly honors conventional life even so far as explicitly to dislike it. His own dream of beauty—this it is that monopolizes him. His hero, Endymion, is in one place portrayed as standing "upon a misty, jutting head of land" and gazing sadly into the empyrean, longing for "the soft shadow of his thrice-seen love"; only with this dream of beauty will he be content; he can find "nought earthly worth his compassing." Endymion's figure and mood symbolize well Keats's own aloofness from life and his devotion to the Dream. Not that he likes to play quaint tricks with his imagination and to indulge in such wildly fantastical visions as Shelley permits himself in his "Witch of Atlas." Keats is always close to the comfort-giving earth and to its bowers of quiet. But within the compass of the earth, he surely and delicately misses all that has not poetic value,—all that has no charm for the senses, the heart, and the imagination. And therefore he is the most poetical of poets: the least troubled by what the world and its objects and scenes mean to the practical man, the least worried by the blur of vulgar associations and suggestions in which all material things tend to be involved by the use and wont of daily life. Even the oyster takes on imaginative beauty for Keats, who dares to place it at the very climax of his praise of the ministering splendor of the moon:

"Thou art a relief
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house."

And indeed this mood of kindled sensitiveness to the purely imaginative charm of the world becomes for Keats the typical mood of the blessed life, and he exalts into a religion the fervent pursuit of this mood and of the sensations and images that awake it. Endymion querying with himself "Wherein lies happiness," answers:

"In that which becks
Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
A fellowship with essence; till we shine,
Full alchemized, and free of space. Behold
The clear religion of heaven!"

The votary of this religion, so Endymion murmurs to himself, is able to elude the insistently prosaic surface of things and to find the whole earth tinglingly suggestive of beauty and of nothing but beauty:

"... Old songs waken from enclouded tombs;
Old ditties sigh above their father's grave;
Ghosts of melodious prophesying rave
Round every spot where trod Apollo's foot;
Bronze clarions awake and faintly bruit,
Where long ago a giant battle was;
And from the turf a lullaby doth pass
In every place where infant Orpheus slept."

War and political intrigue and all that has happened or happens on the crust of the earth become at last the stuff that dreams are made of,—serve simply to wake new vibrations in the beauty-lover's temperament. The two sorts of bliss, to be sure, that Keats most exalts are feelings that link the individual to others; among passionate moods, those that have "the chief intensity" are "friendship and love." Yet even these passionate moods as Keats represents them really have their rewards in themselves; they are moods of "ardent listlessness" that have no issue in the world of conventional routine. Keats's heroes never do aught save wander ecstatically over the surface of the earth and through the depths of the sea, or make love in a lady's chamber. Even Hyperion's most superlative act is a magnificently picturesque entrance into his palace. One has but to compare Keats's heroes with Landor's—Endymion with Gebir—and Keats's moods with Landor's, to see how subjective Keats is, how the world becomes for him merely a great forcing-house for passion and rich entanglements of feeling, how entirely his earth and his moods and his aspirations are different from those that enter into the conventional drama of practical life, and how little they can receive the sanction of the *common sense*. Through all these qualities of his genius, through his remoteness from ordinary life and his exquisite eccentricity, Keats reveals himself as essentially Romantic.

When we turn from poetry to prose, we find that the formula that

has been suggested as summing up the Romantic movement still holds true. In its most characteristic forms the prose-like the poetry of this period is used for the enrichment of the inner life of the individual rather than for the closer knitting of the bonds that bind men together in conventional life. Prose like poetry works for the spiritualization of humanity rather than for its organization. In the pursuit of this somewhat unprosaic end, prose takes on many of the characteristics of poetry and strives in manifold ways to win new expressiveness. It gives over its monopolizing interest in abstract ideas and generalizations, becomes aware of the surface of life, and tries to portray the splendor and the magnificence of the outside world as this world beats against thrilling senses. It gains often an intensely personal note, and a tone and a rhythm that are almost lyrical. Its surface glows with a figurative richness and with a warmth and a color that to Swift or to Dr. Johnson would have seemed indecorous and even grotesque. The Preface of the "Lyrical Ballads," as has already been noted, claimed for the poetic interpretation of life superiority over the prose interpretation. This claim, the great prose-writers of the period implicitly or explicitly granted. And they therefore were more or less consciously drawn to bring prose, their own mode of expression, as close as they might to the idiom of the gods. De Quincey's so-called "impassioned prose" works out and expresses Romantic ideals with an art that is deliberate and elaborate. Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt all accomplish in one way or another that peculiar redemption the commonplace, in terms of intense personal feeling, in which the essence of Romantic art consists.

Characteristic of all these artists is the return for models of excellence to writers earlier than the age of Queen Anne, often to writers of the Elizabethan period. De Quincey's sarcastic strictures on the incompetent literalness of Swift's prose style have become traditional instances of Romantic prejudice; the savage Dean is challenged to write a description of the pageantry of Belshazzar's feast, and because of his alleged prosy inability, he is scorned as a mere base servitor in the train of art. Coleridge's devotion to Jeremy Taylor and to the splendid eloquence of even earlier divines passed into a by-word. Lamb's first important literary venture was "John Woodvil," a tragedy in the Elizabethan manner; and his "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets" (1808) contained delicately impressionistic criticism of the passion and power of the Elizabethan drama—criticism that sent readers by scores to the long-neglected works of Marlowe, Webster, and Ford. The fantastically archaic beauty of Lamb's own prose style would show how deeply he had been subdued to the spell of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century prose, even were his essays not so continually outspoken as they are in their devotion to Isaak Walton, to Fuller, and to Burton.

Nor is the substance that enters into the prose of Lamb, De Quincey, and Hazlitt less Romantic in quality than their style.

Lamb's whim converts the commonest object it plays over into something new and delicately individual, fashioned cunningly out of Lamb's moods and fancies and imaginative associations. Was there ever a quainter change than that which the London chimney-sweep goes through in the pages of Lamb's essay? He comes out all cobwebbed over with gossamer beauty,—a sort of Prince from the Land of Droll Dreaming, a sublimated little symbol of thoughts and feelings that in actual life are leagues out of his ken. To assure one's self of the Romantic note in Lamb one need but compare an essay of this sort with Addison's or Steele's essays. Lamb is subjective, moody, imaginative, fantastic, always tremulously aware of the mystery that lurks behind the commonplace, though rarely expressing this directly.

Nor, indeed, is Hazlitt's Romanticism any less unmistakable. His essays are full of querulous protest against the checks and scorns to which conventional life subjects the special soul; full of pathetic appeals to Nature for redress, and of Rousseau-like passionate portrayal of natural scenery; often poignant in their utterance of personal sorrow and grieving; often lyrical in their tone and movement; at times, audacious in their imagery.

As for De Quincey, almost the whole range of Romantic effect is to be found in his impassioned prose; he is the greatest and the most representative of Romantic prose-artists. More pertinaciously than any other prose-writer he tries to carry prose beyond its old-time boundaries and to give it a new emotional and imaginative scope. Perhaps the most persistent mannerism to be traced in his methods of communicating impressions of beauty and power is his frequent recourse to a kind of visionary second-sight. Doubtless this trick of mind and of treatment was fostered, if nothing more, by his opium-eating. The beauty of the trance, the splendor of the vision, the mystery of the seventh heaven and of Plato's sphere lie over the most characteristic scenes of his prose. The chambers of the air suddenly open, and on some insignificant portion of common life there rains down influence through infinite distances from a mysterious spiritual world, which thus reveals itself as embracing common life, pressing upon it as it were on all sides, though from measureless distances, terribly involving it in momentous issues for good or evil. The mysteries that infinite space may hold in concealment, the mysteries that may have been enacted in past æons of time or that still may be waiting in endless perspective—these De Quincey suggests with necromantic power, so that before them the imagination is appalled. Moreover, he is often not content with suggesting these mysteries vaguely or symbolically; he actually opens before his readers, through the use of elaborately picturesque imagery, endless vistas to the outermost walls of space; or he dizzies the mind with ingenious mimicry of the never-ending flight of hours and days and years and centuries. Even in dealing with historical subjects, De Quincey, if he is bent on artistic effect, is apt to use, in working out his material, many of these same methods, so as to produce a visionary representation

of life that carries with it an atmosphere of mystery and that at the same time has sensuous splendor. His "Flight of a Tartar Tribe" is the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" done into prose, with a whole people's wanderings for the *motif* instead of one poor seaman's misadventure; De Quincey's prose almost rivals Coleridge's verse in giving to a tale the strenuous movement, the sustained sensuousness, as well as the mysteriousness, of a dream. Whatever enters into De Quincey's mind,—whether it be Oxford Street, or a wandering Malay, or poor Ann, the London waif, or Joan of Arc,—is transformed when it appears in his impassioned prose, in this same marvellous fashion, rendered exceeding mystical, shimmeringly beautiful, and irresistibly credible withal, as if it had indeed been spun into opium-visions by the "just, subtle, and mighty" spirit whose home was in the famous "little golden receptacle." One is sometimes tempted to make this spirit and this receptacle the symbol and the talisman of the whole Romantic movement.

The preceding analyses of poets and prose-writers will perhaps have justified in some measure the formulas which have been suggested as summing up the most characteristic literature of the first quarter of our century. In England there was never a Romantic school as there was in both Germany and France. The English poems and prose-writings which have just been analyzed were in many and important particulars radically and almost irreconcilably unlike. Their authors were never in league in the pursuit of a common and clearly recognized end, artistic or moral; indeed, they were often not personally known to each other, or they were even outspoken foes. Yet, as it were in spite of themselves, they gave to their poems and their prose certain common characteristics; their imaginations, through a sort of secret understanding, acknowledged a kinship, which the men themselves would have been the last to claim. So, for example, there is a curious likeness to be traced in the heroes of the great poems of this period. These heroes—whether Greek Endymions, mock-mediæval Childe Harolds, Cumberland Pedlars, or worshippers of Alastor—are all lonely, dreamy wanderers. They are adventurers in the world of the spirit, searchers after new sensations, new moods, new strains of passion, "ideal-blind" enthusiasts of one sort or another. They are questers after the Holy Grail, followers of the vision, aspirers after some new form of the blessed life. They all trust the imagination and the heart and have scant respect for the understanding and the reason. And this striking similarity of theirs comes from the fact that, diverse as they are in equipment and in fortune, they are one and all essentially personifications of the spirit of a Romantic age, and symbolize in their ambitions its one preoccupation. The Romantic imagination, through its inevitable bias towards the creation of these dreamy wanderers, reveals the essential striving of the Romantic movement.

The age was an age of expansion. The human spirit was reaching out delicately or strenuously in many ways for new forms of experience,

It was emancipating itself once and for all from the hard and fast restrictions of prosaic eighteenth-century life. It sought out and conned the story of its own past, and found there a *naïve* passionateness and a decorative splendor which rationalism and "refinement" had later drained from both national and individual life, and which the new age was longing to realize once more in its own experience. The heart, the senses, and the imagination reasserted their rights after the long tyranny of the understanding. The senses became alert and thrillingly sensitive; they learned to catch all the pretty configuration and the shadow-play of the surface of the earth; and they gathered, too, the impressions of awful beauty and power in nature to which the eighteenth century had been blind. Moreover, beneath what the tremulous senses discerned in nature, the quickened spirit divined everywhere a subtle play of energy correspondent to its own, and it dreamed the dream of transcendentalism and found the universe instinct with symbolism and spiritual meanings. In short, the whole nature of man was once more vitalized into free, confident play after the long period of paralyzing over-intellectualism which had so curiously prevailed since the days of Descartes and Hobbes. And as the result of this mysticism and passion and audacious dreaming, the human spirit won many new aptitudes and new powers and acquired a new range of sensitiveness to a myriad hitherto unperceived shades of beauty and feeling.

But all this was accomplished at the risk or the expense of conventional society. These dreamers, both the poets themselves and their heroes, were scorers of commonplace life, and cultivated their souls at the expense of their citizenship. Not one of Byron's or Shelley's or Keats's heroes can be pictured going intelligently and successfully through the ordinary round of a sane man's duties. A state whose citizens should frame themselves on the model of Childe Harold or Laon or even of Wordsworth's Pedlar would soon be brought into a very sadly disorganized plight. Moreover, the unregulated wills, the morbid nerves, and the erratic lives of the poets themselves,—these, too, seemed almost to offer palpable proof of the absurdity of the ideals that the poets embodied in their verse. And so it was that in the characteristic literature of the period that followed the age of Romanticism, Romantic dreams were indulged in with less and less confidence—sometimes, perhaps, with self-conscious sadness, or with self-pitying scorn, or with despairing regret, but hardly at all with the old-time fervent faith; and men turned back to conventional life with a sense that it must after some fashion be reckoned with more seriously than the Idealists and the Romanticists had been apt to think.



The American Language

BY CAROLYN SHIPMAN

IT is a genuine pleasure to read such discriminating, broad-minded criticism of America as Mr. William Archer's in his book of Observations and Reflections called "America To-Day" (Scribner). The volume is made up of ten letters (Observations) published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *New York Times*, and four essays (Reflections) published in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. As the Observations consist of descriptions of New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, Chicago, and some other cities, their impressionistic character makes the interest of this part of the book to a large extent evanescent. An impression in the year 1899 will necessarily be different from an impression even five years hence; so that in 1904 Part I. of this book will probably have historical value only. So quickly does our surface of things change. At the present time, however, these Observations are of especial moment, for even though we did not ask Mr. Archer what he thinks of America (no one asked him, he says), yet we like to know.

The temper of this first part, moreover, makes it a remarkable study. Here is a foreigner who does not generalize from one or two special cases. He is not ready to say that because New York has some few examples of execrable architecture, therefore the architecture of New York is execrable. He says instead that these ungainly monuments are as distinctly survivals from a dead past as is the wooden shanty on Fifth Avenue near Delmonico's. Constantly he compares the United States with Europe, often to our advantage; always he criticises in the spirit with which he says: "I am not so illogical as to pit a single observation against (presumably) a wide induction; I merely offer it for what it is worth,—one item of evidence."

But interesting as are his impressions of our country, they are less interesting than his four chapters on our language. The value of these Reflections is permanent. Here again the temper of his speech is fair and discriminating. That the English language is degenerating in American mouths is an absolutely groundless illusion, he believes. We have his assertion that the leading American newspapers, in their editorial columns at any rate, are at least as well written as the newspapers of London; and that the average level of literary accomplishment in magazines and books is certainly very high. It is indeed gratifying to find a literary Englishman who does not brand as an objectionable Americanism every expression with which he himself is unfamiliar, however familiar Shakespeare may have been with it.

Mr. Archer shows unusual leniency towards Americans who mispronounce "constitutional." Too great leniency, to my mind. May the day never come when *constitutional* shall be the accepted pronunciation of that word! To an educated American, such a pronunciation is one of the hall-marks of illiteracy. As well say "fōō" and "fōōry" for "few" and "fury," as "dōō" for "dew" and "Dōō-ey" for

"Dewey." I contend that there are certain pronunciations and uses of words which are the shibboleth of the truly educated. If a man habitually pronounces "government," "constitutional," "Trinity," and "his-to-ry" correctly, if he puts "only" in its proper place, uses the singular verb after "either" and "neither," employs "mutual" and "transpire" with their correct meanings, knows when to say "should" and "would" and "shall" and "will" (the most difficult requirement of all), understands the true significance of the expression "The exception proves the rule,"—if he knows these things, then, I say, that man is well advanced towards a good English education.

Mr. Archer's apology for the Anglicism "different to" is that the use of a particular preposition in a particular context is largely a matter of convention, and that conventions are constantly changing. In our choice of "from" with "different," we follow the analogy of the verb, "differ from," whereas the English introduce a new preposition. Like Mr. Archer, however, we can be tolerant, even though we do not approve.

Without being an Anglomaniac, I should like to see two English usages Americanized. These are "lift" and "leader." "Elevator" is a longer word than "lift," and it sounds too much like "elevated." "Leader" is a shorter word than "editorial" and more easily said. "Editorial" might be used as an adjective only. There is no good reason for substituting "luggage" for "baggage"; one is just as long as the other. But in the case of the two words that I have mentioned, Mr. Archer's question, Does the new word serve a purpose? seems to be satisfactorily answered.

When a writer criticises English, his readers, if they are critical, notice his own English. A critic of language exposes himself to criticism by his very use of language. It was, then, with particular interest that I read Mr. Archer's book, for I wished to discover how far his English is un-American. The results of my observation are gratifying, for they prove how little the Atlantic really divides England and America. England's mistakes are generally ours.

Mr. Archer speaks of wishing to fall upon the neck of a New York ally of half-an-hour's standing because the American said that the split infinitive is not an Americanism, but a form as old as Wickliff, that it is unnecessary, and that the best modern practice discountenances it. Yet in Mr. Archer's book I find seven instances of a locution which, if not a positive mistake, is, at least, much more awkward and ill-sounding than the split infinitive. I mean the separation of a preposition from its object by another preposition having the same object. Mr. Archer says, "He [the New Yorker] is much more interested *in* and influenced *by* French literature and art than the average educated Englishman" (page 49). Again (page 51), he speaks of "a common interest in (and some of us a common distaste for) the split infinitive." The other instances are on pages 52, 67, 90, 176, 253. The steady recurrence of this form makes its use appear intentional,—

a surprising fact in the light of the author's desire to swear eternal friendship for an American who discountenanced the split infinitive. In America the extreme awkwardness of this locution is admitted, and it is avoided by writers of the smoothest English.

Another mistake which Mr. Archer makes four times is exemplified by the sentence, "If we must draw distinctions, I should say that the effect of the American system of university education *was* to raise the level of general culture, while lowering the standard of special scholarship" (page 52). Here he commits the fault which ninety people out of a hundred commit when they say, in reply to the question "Is n't it a cold day?" "I should say it *was*," instead of "I should say it *is*." The day *is* cold now, and not yesterday, as implied by "was." By the same reasoning, the effect of the American system of university education is a present effect, not a thing of the past. Again (page 110), "The author of 'The Cliff Dwellers' is alleged to have said that the Anglo-Saxon race *was* incapable of art, and that in this respect Chicago *was* pre-eminently Anglo-Saxon." In both instances the "was" should be "is." It may be urged in defence of "was" that it follows the sequence of tenses. But the sequence of tenses does not hold here, for the artistic incapability of the Anglo-Saxon race at the present time, and not in the past, is the subject under consideration. The other examples of this error are on pages 57 and 244.

If Mr. Archer criticises words and expressions used by American authors in their books, it is not an unfair or petty task to call to notice certain words in his book. "The map-makers, too," he says, "throw dust in [sic] our eyes by their absurd figment of two 'hemispheres,' as though Nature had sliced her orange in two, and held one half in *either* hand" (page 4). In this misuse of "either," Mr. Archer is in some of the best literary company in the world. Strictly speaking, however, its use in the sense of "each" is indefensible, for "either" means "one of two," and not "both." Even dictionaries say that "each" or "both," according to construction, is nearly, if not quite always to be preferred in this sense, and that the distinction of signification is one which ought to be maintained. And dictionaries discuss shades of meaning very little.

"The two forms would fight it out, and the *fittest* would survive" (page 232), and "*a* [an] hereditary foe" (page 172) are minor mistakes, hardly more than slips. More serious, however, are two other errors. On page 52 the author says, "I believe that the general American tendency is . . . to enable him [the American student] to specialize at an earlier point in his curriculum upon the studies he most affects, *or which* are most likely to be directly useful to him in practical life." One of the most important grammatical rules is that which forbids the use of "or" or "and" before "which," unless another "which" precedes it. Again, on page 169 we read, "His circle of acquaintance is almost certain to be composed mainly of people whom he, or friends of his, *have* met in Europe." He *have*

met? This mistake is of the class to which belongs the solecism "Either you or I *am* to blame." The only remedy is a complete revision of the construction.

I have dwelt at length on these errors, because they are those which cultivated Englishmen and Americans should avoid. That they do not avoid them is self-evident. If writers are not careful in what they have opportunity and time to correct, what is likely to be the nature of their ordinary conversation, when expressions retain the imprint given them in utterance? By *a fortiori* reasoning, the mistakes of speech must be multiplied in the proportion of sixteen to one.

The Drama

BY J. RANKEN TOWSE

IT is not often that a play so full of serious faults as is "The Elder Miss Blossom," the piece which Ernest Hendrie and Metcalfe Wood wrote for Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, becomes one of the most conspicuous successes of two consecutive seasons, one in London and the other in New York. That it is deficient in many of the qualities generally considered essential is admitted, almost universally. It tells an old story in a blundering and incredible way, it is weak in construction and feeble in humor, it introduces such conventional and discredited types as the stage journalist, the boorish country squire, and the tame curate, and is padded with a vast amount of irrelevant matter. But it contains one situation, presented in two different aspects, of rare theatrical value and genuine human interest, and it is acted, so far as the principal characters are concerned, with an art that approaches very nearly to perfection.

It is difficult to believe that Messrs. Hendrie and Wood are the sole authors of the scene which shows this awkward meeting, with its rapid alternation of semi-comic and semi-tragic suggestion. At all events, it is written, if not very brilliantly, in a style far superior to that of the rest of the play, and with far greater comprehension of life and the human heart. The attitudes of the man and of the woman toward each other are admirably natural and consistent. But the triumph, after all, is distinctly that of the actors. For many years Mrs. Kendal has not acted so finely as she does in this crisis. She interprets the varying moods of the unfortunate Dorothy, which cover a wide range of emotion, with a wonderful variety and eloquence of facial and vocal expression, and with really exquisite naturalness, refinement, and tact. Her progress through the different phases of disillusion — bewilderment, anxiety, indignation, and profound humiliation — is marked with

unfailing veracity, infinite skill in shading, and a most noteworthy freedom from that somewhat excessive deliberation of emphasis which has been a blot upon some of her previous performances. Womanly suffering is expressed fully, without the least loss of womanly dignity, and from first to last she exacts the completest sympathy from the audience. Perhaps one of her most effective and touching moments occurs at the very end of the scene, when, as the sound of the mocking wedding bells falls upon her ear, she first tries to exclude it by shutting the windows, and then sinks, in miserable collapse, into a chair and buries her face in her hands. The play, really, ought to end here, for although her acting in the subsequent scene of reconciliation is almost as good in its way,—in its wise restraint, its simplicity, tenderness, naturalness, and dignity,—yet it is less convincing, not through any fault of hers, but simply because of the false note in the situation itself. The renewal of the engagement, in such circumstances, is not only exceedingly improbable, although it is brought about with a good deal of ingenuity, but is, in some sense, a reflection upon the character of Dorothy herself. A proud woman, so cruelly wounded in her self-respect, would hesitate long before renewing her faith in a passion which had been disavowed so recently.

Mr. Kendal, who, now that poor Charles Coghlan is no more, stands very nearly at the head of English-speaking comedians, plays a most ungracious part with a skill as finished and striking as that of his wife. In the hands of a less capable artist the character of Quick would win but little respect or sympathy, even if it did not provoke ridicule, but he contrives to gloss over its worst inconsistencies by his easy, frank, and unaffected treatment of it and to confer a certain plausibility upon it by his own sincerity. His achievement is a remarkable one in many ways, but especially in its moderation, in the accuracy of its minor details, and its almost perfect proportion. Of the supporting cast, which is sufficiently adequate, it is unnecessary to speak individually, except in the case of Miss Nellie Campbell, who gives a vivacious and attractive sketch of the young lady who is Quick's first love, and of Mr. P. F. Ames, who furnishes a curiously realistic sketch of a stuttering valet. All the interest is centred upon the two leading characters, who, fortunately, are rarely absent from the stage.

"*THE MANOEUVRES OF JANE*," the four-act play by Henry Arthur Jones, presented by the regular company of the Lyceum Theatre at Daly's, is intended for entertainment rather than criticism. In its present shape it might be described as farce, without doing it much injustice, although large parts of it belong legitimately enough to the domain of light comedy. Here, as in London, it owes its success chiefly to the cleverness of the players. The fun depends much more upon the intrigue, of which there is plenty, than upon the dialogue, which, although fluent and natural enough, is not particularly brilliant. Jane is a mettlesome young woman, with money, who has set her mind

upon marrying a penniless lover instead of the foolish and priggish young lord whom her guardians have selected for her. She is aided in her rebellion against parental authority by her friend Constantia, a pretty and unscrupulous little schemer, a sort of modified Becky Sharp, who wants to catch the lord for herself. Both of them are harassed continually by the scrutiny of a horribly inquisitive child, Pamela, whose pleasure it is to act as a spy on behalf of the domestic authorities. The theme is not new, but it is handled briskly and with a considerable amount of theatrical ingenuity, and is carried along with plenty of spirit by the company. There is not much chance for acting of the best quality, except in the character of the bumptious noodle, Lord Bapchild, who is represented with uncommon skill and most humorous effect by Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk, whose grave vacuity, abnormal vanity, entire selfishness, and simpering absorption of the most egregious flatteries are delightful. Nothing better of its kind has been seen in a long time, and Miss Elizabeth Tyree lends him most efficient support by her clever performance of the demure but thoroughly wide-awake little adventuress. The other characters are all in good hands, but are of a more conventional type. Miss Mannerling, of course, is a fascinating Jane, and interprets her tantrums with abundant vivacity, but the part is not one which affords much scope.

MR. WILLIAM YOUNG has acquitted himself cleverly of the task of making a version of "Ben Hur" for the theatre. He has preserved the main outline of the story with considerable fidelity, and arranged it in intelligible form. But in the representation literary and dramatic considerations play but a subordinate part to the claims of spectacle. A panoramic view of Jerusalem, the interior of a trireme (quite impossible in its details), a storm at sea with floating wreck, the chariot race (a marvel of mechanism, and a good illusion as regards the horses), a gorgeous modern ballet in the supposed grove of Daphne, an exquisite night scene on the water, and a gorgeous tableau of illuminated crowds with waving palm leaves on the Mount of Olives, are among the most notable sets. Only one or two will bear inspection, but all are dazzling with color or motion, and all are received with rapturous applause. The treatment of the religious element as a dream is adroit and effective. Mr. Morgan enacts Ben Hur with virility and intelligence, but the best acting is supplied by Mary Shaw, whose Omrah has a fine Oriental picturesqueness and significance, and is very touching in its passionate self-devotion. Such artistic and convincing acting is rarely seen in connection with elaborate spectacular productions. The show, in a word, is a very good one of its class; but it appeals chiefly to the eye.

Paderewski : An Appreciation

MR. PADEREWSKI has returned to this country for a season's *tournée* embracing one hundred recitals, the scene of which extends from New York to San Francisco on the west, and to the City of Mexico on the south. When the *Oceanic*, on which he arrived, came into dock the season's concerts had already been sold out, a thing absolutely without precedent in the case of any other pianist.

It is now three years since Mr. Paderewski has been with us;—years divided between seasons of rest and recuperation at one or another of his country seats in Poland, Hungary, or Switzerland, and concert tours into the principal centres of music throughout Europe. These *tournées* have been scenes of triumph. The intervals of repose have been filled with work on his opera, which is romantic in character and bright with the local color of its scene, the Danube.

In reviewing the career of this great artist and his power over the emotions of his audience, the peculiarity of its potency is that it defies explanation. No critic, however keen, has yet given the real reason why Paderewski invariably carries away his listeners in a wave of emotion that transports them above themselves. And yet an analysis of his art yields conclusions most suggestive. Let us take Ruskin's six qualities of legitimate pleasure in execution,—formulated indeed for painting, but even more applicable to piano playing,—and see how the genius of Paderewski stands tested by them. These qualities are "truth, simplicity, mystery, apparent inadequacy of the means used to the effect produced, decision, and velocity," to which he adds what he calls "strangeness," *i. e.*, originality. In each of these Paderewski is peculiarly endowed. "All qualities of execution," proceeds Ruskin, and it seems as if he were speaking of Paderewski, "are dependent on a far higher power than that of mere execution,—knowledge of the truth. For exactly as an artist is certain of his end, will he be swift and simple in his means; and as he is accurate and deep in his knowledge, will he be refined and precise in his touch. The first merit of manipulation, then, is that delicate and ceaseless expression of refined truth which is carried out to the last touch and shadow of a touch, and which makes every hair's-breadth of importance and every gradation full of meaning.

"The second quality of execution is simplicity. The more unpretending, quiet, and retiring the means the more impressive the effect"—a criterion of Paderewski's art which is of most particular importance, for the charm of his rendition of such simple bits of poetry as Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" is peculiar to himself.

Ruskin's third criterion, "mystery," is equally germane to Mr. Paderewski's art. "Nature is always mysterious in her choice of means; and art is always likest her when it is most inexplicable. That execution which is most incomprehensible, and which therefore defies imitation (other qualities being supposed to be alike) is the best."

Simple and obvious as Paderewski's uses of technic appear, they have never been successfully imitated. His secret is his own.

"Decision," Ruskin's fifth criterion, is another charm of Paderewski's playing. "The appearance that whatever is done is done fearlessly and at once" is the effect which he produces in the highest degree. "Velocity," Ruskin's sixth criterion, is perhaps the most subtle of all, in its application to this artist. "Of two touches as nearly as possible the same in other respects the quicker will invariably be the better," writes the critic. "There will be more evenness, grace, and variety in the quick one than in the slow one." As a matter of fact, Mr. Paderewski's stroke is peculiar in the velocity with which his finger descends on the key; and the astonishing amount of harmonious vibration which lends intoxication to his touch is due to this velocity.

Tested in this way by criteria devised to measure the highest intellectual qualities of artistic execution, it is seen that Mr. Paderewski's genius has appropriated those very powers which Ruskin found irreconcilable in painting, but which, when combined in music, carry concert playing to its highest potency. The secret of his success is the secret of art itself.

Seasons

NEW springs, new autumns come each year
 With gifts more precious in their hands;
 For gathered from all years and lands,
 Old colors, lights, and fragrances return,
 Hid in the new, and blending here
 To yield us fresh delight,
 While, lit with inward sight,
 Our hearts with memories brim and burn.

Come where it may, no season now
 Can find me quite a stranger or alone;
 Some gleam or shadow I have known
 Must fall, no matter where or how,
 On earth or sea;
 The scent of locust-blossoms, it may be,
 Some hillside's giant garden once a wood,
 A breath, a tint, a sound, half understood,—
 These, howsofar I stray, shall work their spell,
 And seem to bring my feet
 Back to the ways remembered well,
 Where with old friends, old loves, I walked of yore.
 Then shall the spring and autumn stand complete
 As in the new I find old paths once more.

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

The following classified list is carefully prepared for the convenience of the book-buyer. It is not intended as a final notice of all the books mentioned, but as a useful record of the publications of the preceding month.

ART

The Madonna in Legend and History, by Elizabeth C. Vincent, is a collection of the author's lectures to a class in the history of art. It is illustrated by ten good photogravures of the life of the Virgin Mary. The delicate white and blue and gold cover suggests that the book was never intended for daily use in Cincinnati, where it was written. (Whittaker, \$1.50.)

BELLES LETTRES

The World of Books, and Other Essays, by Leigh Hunt, is one of "The Bibelots" edited by J. Potter Briscoe, F.R.H.S. Its publishers have paid the compliment to the Century Company of imitating their "Thumb Nail Series." The stamped leather cover and gilt edges of this reprint must make that company realize the truth of the saying about imitation and sincerest flattery. (Truslove, Hanson, and Comba, \$1.00.)

Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles and Mary Lamb. This edition has all the charm we are accustomed to in the Temple Classics, and is embellished with a dozen pictures by A. Rackham. (Macmillan, 50 c.)

Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles and Mary Lamb. This is a handsome edition, illustrated by Robert Anning Bell, and published with an introduction by Andrew Lang. (Truslove, Hanson & Comba, \$1.50.)

Dionysos and Immortality, by Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California, is a reprint of the Ingerson Lecture on Immortality for this year, delivered at Harvard under the terms of a bequest. It deals with the Greek faith in immortality as affected by the rise of individualism, and, with the full notes added, will be found a suggestive study in a very interesting department of Greek philosophy. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

A General Survey of American Literature, by Mary Fisher, consists of a series of class-talks which the author, who appears to be a school-teacher somewhere, has brought together with the idea of furnishing a text-book for other instructors. As Miss Fisher's "general survey" omits all mention of ten or twenty of our most prominent living authors, her work falls short of its purpose. Miss Fisher is either unfamiliar with the writings of American authors past and present, or is lacking in that catholic taste which her self-imposed task demanded. However the case may be, she was inadequately equipped for preparing a manual of American literature. Here and there she says an excellent thing, but for the chief part her criticisms are whimsical and contradictory. Miss Fisher's *prim obiter dicta*, the naive air of superiority with which she refers to "some of our lesser critics," and her earnest misunderstanding of nearly every topic she discusses, lend a sort of novelty to essays otherwise devoid of interest. (A. C. McClurg & Co., \$1.50.)

Romance of the Ferial Châteaux, by Elizabeth W. Champney, is, of course, a book of feudalism, of, widely speaking, the eleventh to the sixteenth century. Illustrated, with photogravures. (Putnam, \$3.50.)

The Mind and Art of Poe's Poetry, by John Phelps Frint, is an attempt to appreciate Poe in Walter Pater's fashion,—to disengage those qualities of the dreamer and the artist that particularly appeal to the writer. (A. S. Barnes & Co., \$1.25.)

A Bird's-Eye View of English Literature from the Seventh Century to the Present Time is also by Henry Grey, F.R.B.S., etc. This book is now in its sixth thousand. It contains a synopsis of the names of the most celebrated English-speaking poets and prose writers from Cædmon to Du Maurier, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Mrs. Oliphant, with the dates of their birth and death, their social position, and the titles of their principal works. The information is meagre and given without discrimination. As a date-book it might be serviceable. (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., London.)

CALENDAR

The Landseer Calendar has twelve good reproductions in colors after pictures of dogs and their masters by the famous English artist. (Dutton, \$2.50.)

The Mansfield Calendar, with "pictures of Richard Mansfield's characters, a few quotations, and some good wishes," is one of the most attractive of the season, and one of the most original. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

FICTION

A Son of the State, by W. Pett Ridge, while primarily intended for an English public, and coming in the nick of time in the present moment of patriotic enthusiasm, will please American readers by its delightfully humorous, yet realistic, study of London slum-life, which has been done so often of late, but in this book loses nothing of its freshness. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.25.)

San Isidro, by Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield, is, of course, a tale of the West Indies. Its plot is piratical in its cruel vindictiveness, but its real value lies in the study of the country and its life, especially in the tragedy, played wherever the conquering races go in the tropics, of the native woman who loves the stranger, and is beloved by him until he forgets her for another face. Agueda, the heroine, is a wonderfully touching and noble study of such a woman, and gives individuality to the book, which closes with a splendidly realistic description of a tropical flood and its horrors. (Stone, \$1.50.)

The Potentate, by Frances Forbes-Robertson (new edition), is a chronicle of the Middle Ages, of one of those corrupt and unspeakable little Italian principalities, where tyranny was tempered by assassination. A tale of murder, revenge, conspiracy, and love, it is told with a slightly archaic touch that is far from unpleasing, being kept judiciously within bounds,—quaint, but not obtrusive. (J. F. Taylor, \$1.25.)

The Watchers, by A. E. W. Mason, is worthy of this author's rapidly growing reputation. He has a strong imagination, is fertile of invention, and, in addition, tells his tale with spirit. The Scilly Islands are the scene he has selected this time, the period, the middle of the last century, when the pirate still flourished and came home to live in peace on his blood-stained booty. (Stokes, \$1.25.)

The Ship of Stars, by A. T. Quiller-Couch, is a Cornish love-story told with the poetic imagination of an artist in words. Taffy, the hero, is introduced in his boyhood, side by side with spirited Honoria, who "hates boys that have to be told." Some stories contain incident, some, atmosphere. This story contains both. The volume as a piece of book-making is most satisfactory. The frontispiece is by Louis Loeb. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

The King's Mirror, by Anthony Hope, contains the same dramatic, sparkling conversations which have caused Mr. George Meredith to say that their author is a master of dialogue. The story begins with the coronation of a young king whose governess, "Krak," as he calls the Baroness von Krakenstein, punishes him on the very day of his ascension to the throne. The illustrations are by Frank T. Merrill. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

Little Novels of Italy, by Maurice Hewlett, author of "The Forest Lovers," is a collection of five stories told in Biblio-ornate language, with enough Italian phrases to give an atmosphere. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

The Sword of Justice, by Sheppard Stevens, is one more illustration of the present mad rush of authors towards historical fiction. If there is a supply, there must be a demand. The lover of historical novels will find here Indian customs picturesquely rather than ferociously presented, an account of the struggle between the French and the Spanish for the possession of Florida, and a love-story. The style is easy and interesting. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.25.)

A Prince of Georgia, and Other Tales, by Julian Ralph, consists of seven stories, old and new. They bear the unmistakable lightness of touch which inevitably accompanies a successful journalistic style. As a rule a reporter learns in his salad days to choose his words well, and the habit never leaves him. It may be this fact which makes a story by a newspaper man so readable. The sixteen illustrations of this book are good; the paper does not look like Harper paper; the cover might be less ugly. (Harper, \$1.25.)

Sons of Strength; a Romance of the Kansas Border Wars, is by William R. Lighton, a new writer. The theme is the slavery struggle in Kansas, and the teller of the story is a foundling child who takes part in that struggle. John Brown is introduced as one of the characters. (Doubleday & McClure Co., \$1.25.)

In Chimney Corner, by Seumas MacManus is a group of fifteen "Merry Tales of Irish Folk Lore"—stories characteristic of the Irish belief in the supernatural. Mr. MacManus is at present very popular with magazine editors who welcome a new exponent of Celtic wit. The illustrations in color show to good advantage the original talent of Miss Pamela Colman Smith. The title-page in black and white is a poster-like design in weirdness; the eight other full-page illustrations are in colors.

They supply fully half the interest of the book. The cover is in crude red and greenish blue, the design of which lies all over the book. (Doubleday & McClure Co., \$1.50.)

Modern Daughters, by Alexander Black, is the author's fourth series of pen and camera stories. (Scribner, \$2.50.)

Love-Letters of a Musician, by Myrtle Reed, was privately printed last year in a limited letter-press edition, and is now publicly reprinted. The idea is original, and the combination of poetical imaginings fitted to musical tempos gives the book particular interest. (Putnam's Sons, \$1.75.)

Robespierre, by Ange Galdekar, is the story of Sardou's play adapted and made into a novel by the playwright's authority. The frontispiece is a picture of Miss Terry as *Clarisse de Maulucon*. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)

The Helpers, by Francis Lynde, is a western story, the scene of which is laid in Denver and its environs. Mining slang and unconventional manners give "local color"; an eastern gambler, a Philadelphia girl cousin, and a benevolent young woman furnish human interest. The gambler is one of the people to be helped, and he certainly needed help. The descriptions are at times wrapped in swathings of words. The poster cover, in dull brown and red and blue, is not what we have been accustomed to from the Riverside Press. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

Parson Kelly, by A. E. W. Mason and Andrew Lang, tells the story of George Kelly and Nicholas Wogan. The scene is laid in Paris and in London during the early days of George I.'s reign, when secret agents of the Pretender were at work. Pope, Walpole, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu are among the characters. (Longmans, \$1.50.)

Santa Claus's Partner, by Thomas Nelson Page, is a book to which the most applicable epithet is "charming." Not only is Mr. Page's style at its best, but the story itself is delightful. Mr. W. Glacken's eight drawings in color and the holiday red of the cover insure many buyers of this Christmas tale. No books of the present season are more artistically made than those of Messrs. Scribner. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

A Confident To-Morrow, by Brander Matthews, is a novel of New York. It presents that aspect of life in New York which will never lose its fascination,—the struggle towards recognition and fame of a young western journalist who comes east to live. The story is modern in every respect, and full of "local color" so necessary to realistic stories. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Mackinac, and Lake Stories, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, is a collection of twelve short stories concerning people with whom the author is thoroughly familiar. The French and Indian settings make the scenes almost foreign to eastern eyes. (Harper, \$1.50.)

A Green Mariner, by Howard Ireland, is a landsman's account of a deep-sea voyage. Illus. The cover is bound in dark green and white with a nautical design. (Lippincott, \$1.25.)

The Human Interest, by Violet Hunt, is a study in incompatibles—"a clever little English satire upon the problem novel, describing the vague longings of a discontented wife, and the affinity she so wonderfully discovers in a lonely country village." (Stone, \$1.25.)

The Crown of Life, by George Gissing, has especial interest because the MS. of the story came over on the Paris, lay for some time stranded and water-soaked on the rocks, and was finally retypewritten and sent once more to New York. It describes life above the stratum of society where Mr. Gissing has heretofore laid the scene of his stories. A frowzy-headed girl in a boarding-house is not now his heroine. The theme of the story is a variation of the expression, "the greatest thing in the world, Love,"—the Crown of Life. (Stokes, \$1.50.)

Active Service, by Stephen Crane, contains the results of that writer's observations of the Greek character during the late war, which was no war at all, nothing but outbursts of eloquence, tearful emotion, and—retreats. (Stokes, \$1.25.)

The Gentleman from Indiana, by Booth Tarkington, is the first work of a new writer, and is undoubtedly promising. The hero starts life as the editor of a paper in a little Indiana town, the terror of corrupt politicians, criminals, and Whitecaps; his life is constantly threatened by the latter. The love element is put into bolder relief by a mystery. (Doubleday & McClure, \$1.50.)

Where Angels Fear to Tread, by Morgan Robertson, is a volume of sea stories by a writer who for ten years was a sailor. He brought back with him from the deep a lasting impression of the horrors of the seaman's life in American ships, but, happily, also a sense of humor. He plays gladly with the theme of mutiny—the possibilities, for instance, of a shanghaied Texan cowboy with a "gun" face to face with a brutal

captain, but also lets his imagination run free in tales of a battle of ironclads and the possibilities of a torpedo found by a landlubber. (Century Co., \$1.25.)

Invisible Links, by Selma Lagerlöf, translated by Pauline B. Flach, is the first volume of short stories by this gifted Swedish writer to be published in English. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50.)

The "New Library Edition" of the **Works of Henry Kingsley** is in twelve volumes, printed from new type, and edited by Mr. Clement K. Shorter. Each volume has a frontispiece, and occasionally there are other illustrations. The series is neatly bound in red and gold. (Longmans, \$1.25.)

Agnes Grey, by Anne Brontë, in the Thornton Edition of the Novels of the Sisters Brontë, is prefaced by Charlotte Brontë's biographical notice of her sisters, and has for frontispiece a photogravure of Blake Hall, the "Horton Lodge" of "Agnes Grey." The edition is edited by Mr. Temple Scott. (Scribner, Imp., \$2.00.)

The Legionaries, by Henry Scott Clark, is a novel founded on the story of Morgan and his raiders. It is illustrated with full-page plates in half-tone and has an illuminated cover. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.25.)

The Other Fellow, by F. Hopkinson Smith, contains tales of a convict, of a water-logged town, of a tramp, a man with an empty sleeve, and other persons who were "down on their luck." Most are in dialect. The illustrations, some of them after pictures by the author, are in half-tone. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

Vanity Fair, illustrated with photographs from Mr. Langdon Mitchell's dramatization of that novel as played by Mrs. Fiske and her company, will not take the place of an edition of the book illustrated by Thackeray, but it is interesting. All collectors of Thackerayana will want to possess it. (Harper, \$2.50.)

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, by Charles Dickens, is Volume I. of the New Century Library. It is clearly printed, though on very thin paper. (Thos. Nelson and Sons, \$1.00.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The Life of Nelson, the Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain, by Capt. A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., of the United States Navy, has gone into a second edition, revised, after two years. This edition meets the two principal criticisms made upon the first publication of the book. One criticism challenged the author's verdict concerning the often debated question of Nelson's action towards the Neapolitan Republicans, in 1799; the other disputed the author's estimate of the hero's affection for his wife. Any minor changes which have been made in the account of Nelson's life, says Capt. Mahan, affect the frame, not the picture. (Little, Brown & Co., \$8.00.)

The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America, by John Fiske, follows chronologically the author's "Beginnings of New England," which comes after "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors." The first volume begins with the political and social condition of the Mediæval Netherlands, and ends with Stuyvesant's surrender of Manhattan to Col. Nicolls. The second volume begins with an account of the English rule, and ends with a statement of the result of the French, German, and Irish immigration under the Dutch and Quakers. The two volumes contain eight maps. Prof. Fiske's clear, entertaining style makes these books read like a novel. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$4.00.)

Matthew Arnold, by George Saintsbury, M.A., aims to "help the reader who wants criticism." A small part of the book is biographical, the remainder of it concerns the great critic's poems and essays. "If things literary seem to the reader too minutely discussed," says Prof. Saintsbury, "it can only be pleaded that those to whom it seems so are hardly in sympathy with Matthew Arnold himself." Those readers, then, who are looking for the spirit, should not be disappointed if they find only the letter. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.25.)

The Life of Charles Henry Davies, Rear-Admiral, 1807-1877, is by his son, Captain Charles H. Davies, U. S. N. The author excuses himself for writing the life of his father twenty years after his death, on the ground of the interest which now attaches to even the most trivial circumstance connected with the civil war. The biography contains a number of the Admiral's letters, for he was a ready writer. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$3.00.)

Cromwell and His Times, by G. Holden Pike, author of "The Life and Work of Charles Haddon Spurgeon," is an account of social, religious, and political life in the seventeenth century. The opening chapter discusses the failure of despotism. Cromwell's earlier life is then described, and typical Puritan characters are portrayed in two of the ten chapters. There are eight photogravure illustrations, one of them the portrait of Cromwell now in the Baptist Museum at Bristol. (Lippincott, \$1.50.)

Famous Homes of Great Britain, and their Stories, by A. H. Malan, gives descriptive and historical sketches of twelve of the most important houses in England and Scotland, including Blenheim, Warwick Castle, Holland House, and Chatsworth. In some cases the descriptions have been contributed by the owners of the buildings. There are many half-tone plates and illustrations, in part from photographs, but including reproductions of historical paintings, tapestries, and prints. The volume has been brought out in handsome style. (Putnam's, \$7.50.)

Reminiscences, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, cover the period from 1819 to 1899. Any one who has followed these Reminiscences through the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* knows how interesting they are, and will be glad to get them in book form for further reading. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Illus. \$2.50.)

Memoirs of a Revolutionist, by Prince Kropotkin, shows how little of a fire-eater a revolutionist may be. A spirit of gentleness pervades the book, though the incidents related are of a most exciting nature. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Illus. \$2.00.)

The River War, an Account of the Recovery of the Soudan, by Winston Spencer Churchill, describes Lord Kitchener's campaigns, viz., the expedition to Dongola, the expedition to Khartoum, and the operations on the Blue Nile; a comprehensive sketch of the previous history has been added which fills four chapters, together making 150 pages, which describe the cause, beginning, and progress of the Rebellion of the Mahdi; the Intervention of the British Government; General Gordon's Mission; the Siege and Fall of Khartoum and the efforts to relieve it; the Internal History of the Dervish Empire from 1884 to 1898; and lastly the Regeneration of Egypt, which was a necessary prelude to the reconquest of the Lost Provinces. At chapter VI. the military chronicle begins, and the years of war, from April, 1896, to December, 1898, are minutely described. The final campaign and battle of Omdurman are dealt with from the author's own point of view—that of an officer serving with the 21st Lancers. The work has been edited by Colonel F. Rhodes; and Lieutenant Angus McNeil, of the first Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, who served throughout the war has contributed sixty original drawings. There are thirty-five maps and plans. (Longmans, 2 vols., \$10.00.)

Historic Mansions and Highways Around Boston, by Samuel Adams Drake, is a new and revised edition of "Old Landmarks and Historic Fields of Middlesex," first published in 1873. (Little, Brown & Co. Illus. \$2.50.)

The Tragedy of Dreyfus, by G. W. Stevens, while principally devoted to the Rennes court martial, contains a summary of the entire Dreyfus case, with a final consideration of its effect upon the French nation. (Harper, \$1.25.)

Bismarck, by James Wycliffe Headlam, is a new volume in the "Heroes" series whose contributors invariably vindicate the trust reposed in them by the admirable quality of their work. (Putnam, \$1.50.)

Historic Towns of the Middle States is the second volume of the series of "American Historic Towns," edited by Lyman P. Powell, of which the first, published last year, dealt with the New England towns. (Putnam, \$3.50.)

More Colonial Homesteads, and their Stories, by Marion Harland, hardly requires comment for those who have read the results of the author's researches in this field in her earlier book. The frontispiece is Doughoregan Manor House, the home of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. (Illus. Putnam, \$3.00.)

Jerusalem, the City of Herod and Saladin, by Sir Walter Besant and Prof. E. H. Palmer, late of the University of Cambridge, was first published in 1871, and now attains the well-merited distinction of a fourth edition, enlarged, but not materially changed. The book has enduring historical value, which later discoveries can in no way diminish. (Illus. Lippincott, \$3.00.)

William Shakespeare, by Georg Brandes, has been translated from the celebrated original by Mr. William Archer, Miss Mary Morison, and Miss Diana White. The proofs of the whole work have been revised by Dr. Brandes. (Macmillan, \$2.60.)

JUVENILES

1779, a Story of Old Shoreham, by Frederic Harrison, M.A., is published under the direction of the General Literature Committee by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. There is a map of the Sussex country, and there are five spirited illustrations by Stanley L. Wood. (Young, \$)

Plantation Pageants, by Joel Chandler Harris, tells about Mayor Perdue, Buster John, Sweetest Susan, and Aunt Minervy Ann, who relates the story of "Brer' Rabbit and the Goobers." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.00.)

The House of the Wizard is by M. Imlay Taylor, who evidently wishes to be taken for a man, as she gives only the initial of her first name, Mary. The story tells of events in the reign of Henry VIII. This is one of two Henry VIII. stories of the season. Frontispiece. (McClurg, \$1.25.)

The Listening Child, by Lucy W. Thacher, is a "selection from the stories of English verse, made for the youngest readers and hearers." It is another step in the direction of proper literary food for children, who too long have been allowed to choose whatever their hands fell on. Mrs. Thacher belongs to the class of people who realize that literature is one of the few things which children should be taught. There is a short talk to children about poetry, then selections from one hundred and four poets, English and American. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)

Wabeno the Magician, by Mabel Osgood Wright, is the sequel to "Tommy-Anne, and the Three Hearts." Tommy, aged four, Anne, aged twelve, Waddles, and a St. Bernard pup, Lumberlegs, are the chief characters. Indian legends form the setting. (Macmillan Co. Illus. \$1.50.)

The Court of Boyville, by W. Allen White, is a group of six stories by the editor and owner of the *Emporia Gazette*. The prologue shows that Mr. White appreciates the feelings of a boy so heartily that he has not yet been banished from "Boyville," with its sorrows and joys, its humor and pathos. (Doubleday & McClure, \$1.50.)

Captain Kodak, by Alexander Black, is a camera story for amateur photographers. The photographic idea extends even to the cover of the book, on which is a photogravure group. (Lothrop, \$2.00.)

The Story of Betty, by Carolyn Wells, is sure to have many readers,—new friends and old of Betty McGuire, whose wonderful history has been told in *St. Nicholas*. Betty was an Irish foundling who discovered, while she was maid-of-all-work in a boarding-house, that she was heiress to a million Australian-made dollars. Many plans are put before her for the use of this money, but she decides to buy a home and a family. How she does this is the story of the book. Reginald Birch furnishes thirty-two attractive pictures. (Century Co., \$1.50.)

Quicksilver Sue, by Laura E. Richards, author of "Captain January," and daughter of Julia Ward Howe, is an account of the effect on Sue Penrose of a lack of discipline. It is a pleasant little tract for children in the guise of a story, readable and not too long. (Century Co., \$1.00.)

Frithjof, the Viking of Norway, and Roland, the Paladin of France, by Mme. Zenaide Ragozin, follows her "Siegfried and Beowulf" in the series of "Tales of the Heroic Ages." Mme. Ragozin's work in this differs vastly from the many adaptations for children of authors whom in later years at least they are supposed to read. (Putnam, \$1.50.)

Cattle Ranch to College, by Russell Doubleday, well known as the author of "A Gunner Aboard the Yankee," is a true story of a boy's life in the far West ten years ago, which means, of course, a narrative of all the beautiful, exciting things that are receding so fast into the past—Indian fighting, hunting, mining, sheep- and cattle-raising, bronco "busting," and the picturesque desperado. There are over 100 illustrations. (Doubleday & McClure, \$1.50.)

The Little Fig Tree Stories is a collection made from the pages of *St. Nicholas* of nine stories by Mary Hallock Foote, and published for the benefit of the Children's Hospital of San Francisco. The volume is illustrated by the author, and has a very dainty cover design in color. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

The Half-Back; a Story of School, Football, and Golf, by Ralph Henry Barbour, is a fine, healthy boy's book written by one who knows his subject thoroughly. Illustrated by B. West Clineinst. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

The Dozen from Lakerim, by Rupert Hughes, is an exciting and amusing story of schoolboy life, with healthy, living American boys for the principal characters. Illus. by C. M. Relyea. (Century Co., \$1.50.)

MISCELLANEOUS

Mrs. Gillette's Cook Book, author of the *White House Cook Book*, is the title of a ponderous volume in buff and black, with a culinary drawing on the cover. This book is the result of fifty years of practical housekeeping; it should therefore appeal to young married women who wish to learn the mysteries of cooking. A personal tone is given to it by a frontispiece portrait of Mrs. Gillette, a picture of the dining-room and table as it was laid on the fiftieth anniversary of the author's wedding-day, and a menu in white and gold of the dinner. There are five highly

colored plates, one of them a realistic picture of raw meats. "Olla podrida" might characterize the volume, for it contains a little of everything, from hints in regard to health to a dictionary of French terms used in cooking. (The Werner Co., New York, \$2.50.)

Tropical Colonization, by Alleyne Ireland, is of vital interest in view of our new foreign possessions. Mr. Ireland has spent most of the past twelve years in the British colonies and dependencies; he has visited India, Ceylon, and Australia, and has spent nearly seven years in the West Indies and South America; so that he is by experience well qualified to speak on his subject. In his treatment of it he considers three essential questions: how to govern a tropical colony, how to obtain the reliable labor absolutely necessary for the successful development of such a colony, and what the possession of tropical colonies amounts to from the standpoint of the sovereign state. Of these questions he writes in six chapters. There are ten diagrams relating to export and import statistics. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

A Looker-on in London, by Mary H. Krout, author of "Hawaii in Time of Revolution," describes the events of years which Miss Krout spent in England, from the opening of Parliament in 1895 to the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee in 1897. She writes of Lord Leighton, Carlyle's house, the Pentonville prison, English women and their affairs, women's clubs, schools and colleges, Henley, the Venezuelan controversy, the Jameson trial (from notes carefully taken, day by day, at Bow Street and before the Lord Chief Justice), the Jubilee, and a number of other subjects. The author's experience is that of an observing journalist. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)

The Custom of the Country, by Mrs. Hugh Frazer, is a charming volume of tales of new Japan by an author who really knows and likes the people and has not taken up the subject as a merefad. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

My Roses and How I Grew Them is just what its author, Helen Milman, sought for in vain when she first took up the culture of the rose; for, besides being experienced advice on the subject, it is a "little book written in plain words." (Lane, 50 c.)

Music and the Comrade Arts: Their Relation, is the rather long title of a small book by H. A. Clarke, Mus. Doc. Its aim is "to present, in a clear and concise form, the mutual relations and interdependences of the various Arts, and their relation to Science." The author recommends thoroughness in every department of musical work. This advice is sound and applies equally well to all work. (Silver, Burdett & Co., 75 c.)

A Farmer's Year, being his commonplace book for 1898, is by H. Rider Haggard. The author proposes "that this book shall be the journal of a farmer's year rather than a work about farming, setting forth with other incidental things the thoughts and reflections that occur to him, and what he sees day by day in field or wood or meadow, telling of the crops and those who grow them, of the game and the shooting of it, of the ways of wild creatures and the springing of flowers, and touching, perhaps, on some of the thousand trivial matters which catch the eye and occupy the attention of one who lives a good deal in the company of Nature, who loves it, and tries to observe it as best he may." (Longmans, fully illus. \$2.50.)

A Pocket Encyclopedia of Useful Knowledge, by Henry Grey, is now in its third thousand. Mr. Grey is F.R.B.S., F.Z.S., F.I.Inst., and author of numerous "epitomes," "keys," "bird's-eye views," etc. He is not exactly a nugget-gatherer; rather, he prepares small doses of knowledge for people whose complaints are not serious. He invites the reader to such homeopathic statements as this: "Abbot was the title of the ruler of a monastery, to whom the monks vowed unqualified obedience;" "Health can be preserved only by an abundant supply of fresh air, suitable clothing, sufficient sleep,"—and by four other requirements. As a book of dates, the manual is convenient if it happens to contain the date you are looking for. (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., London.)

St. Nicholas, for 1899, appears in the usual two volumes, bound in red and gold and filled with attractive and voluminous contents. Among these we may specify Marguerite Tracy's "Broken Toy Soldier," Gelett Burgess's "Christmas Twice a Year," Ernest Ingersoll's "Reasoning Out a Metropolis," and Clement Fazandie's "Through the Earth," with the illustrations in these and other poems and stories by W. A. Mackay, W. A. Rogers, A. R. Wheelan, and Oliver Herford. (Century Co.)

Harper's Round Table, for 1899, contains among other matters of interest Rene Bache's "Snap-Shots at Wild Beasts," John Kendrick Bangs' "The Flunking of Watkins' Ghost," G. T. Ferris' "Seaweed and Amber," and editorial wisdom on the subject of Korean candy, the dodo, and how to stop leaks in boats. Among the pictures the productions of the Camera Club are perhaps the most entertaining. (Harper.)

POETRY

The Rub'yat of Omar Khayam, translated by Mrs. H. M. Cadell, is furnished with an almost gushing introduction by Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D. Mrs. Cadell knew Persian as few Europeans have known the language, and there is some beauty in her stanzas, which, unlike Fitz Gerald's, are of various form and length. Here is one of Mrs. Cadell's verses :

" I passed the potter's shop by yesterday
Noisy and mute two thousand pots I saw ;
From one of them a sudden shout did rise :—
' Who sells ? Who buys ?
Where 's he who makes the pots ?'"

The master translator-poet has it thus :

" Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot —
I think a Sufi jipkin — waxing hot —
' All this of Pot and Potter — Tell me then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot ?'"
(Lane, \$1.25.)

The Apistophilon, by Frank D. Bullard, A.M., M.D., has for its sub-title "The Nemesis of Faith." It is a lengthy poem, in the metre which Fitz Gerald has consecrated, giving the arguments for and against religious belief alternately, though the unbeliever has the last word, and the question is apparently dismissed as insoluble. Every other page is occupied by appropriate quotations from all manner of authors—from the Bible to Byron and from Longfellow to Guyau. The verse is neither very good nor very bad—the worst thing about the book is its title in the accusative singular. (Donnelley & Sons, Chicago, \$1.50.)

Songs of American Destiny—a Vision of New Hellas, by William Norman Guthrie, announced as "an allegory of American culture," would be a handsome specimen of the printer's art if the decorator had only known when to stop decorating. Paper and type are all that heart could wish, but the splotches of red on every page have spoiled what otherwise might have been a tribute to the aforesaid culture. (Clarke Co., Cincinnati, \$2.50.)

Nothing to Wear, and Other Poems, by William Allen Butler, appears in a new edition printed from new plates, with a portrait of the author as frontispiece. (Harper, \$1.75.)

The Poetical Works of Arthur Hugh Clough, in the Gladstone Edition, are adorned with a portrait of the author and a rubricated title. (Crowell, 75 cts.)

THEOLOGY

A History of the Textual Criticism of the New Testament, by Marvin R. Vincent, D.D., a professor in Union Theological Seminary, is one of a useful series of New Testament Handbooks lately begun. It is a scholarly presentation of the subject by a man who has evidently made himself familiar with its best literature, and forms an admirable manual, easily to be read and digested by less advanced scholars, for whom it will form a valuable preliminary to further studies on their own account, enabling them to estimate at its proper worth what has already been done in the field. (Macmillan, 75 c.)

Solomon and Solomonic Literature, by Moncure Daniel Conway, is a series of essays tracing the Solomonic legends through Judaism, Buddhism, and Christianity to modern folk-lore. The book is the work of a man who has no bias concerning the contents of the Bible, and who invites higher criticism to throw any light on its history. His plain speech is most refreshing. He calls the headings of "The Song of Songs" in the King James version "solemn nonsense," and deplores the fact that ignorant and easily led minds should not know that these headings are forged, and not in the original books. The essays are primarily for students, but there is much in them to interest the general reader. (Open Court Publishing Co., \$1.50.)

TRAVEL

England, Picturesque and Descriptive, by Joel Cook. An attractive book for those who wish to travel in imagination, or to renew their memories of English days. It would also make not a bad guide-book, if it were not for the excessive weight of paper and binding. Neither its literary style, which is pedestrian, nor its information which is occasionally inaccurate in small details, can be unreservedly recommended ; but as a whole it is a pleasant, readable book, to the value of which fifty excellent photo gravures and a railway map add considerably. (Coates, Philadelphia, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

